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# CLARA LENNOX ;

OR,

THE DISTRESSED WIDOW.

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A NOVEL.

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CLARA LENNOX;

OR,

THE DISTRESSED WIDOW.

A Novel.

FOUNDED ON FACTS.

INTERSPERSED WITH AN HISTORICAL DESCRIPTION OF

*THE ISLE OF MAN.*

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BY MRS. LEE. k

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DEDICATED, BY PERMISSION, TO

H. R. H. THE DUCHESS OF YORK.

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TEACH ME TO FEEL ANOTHER'S WOE. — POPE.

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IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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DEDICATION

# DEDICATION.

**TO**  
**H. R. H. THE DUCHESS OF YORK.**

**MADAM,**

**A**S a British Subject, in the most ample sense of the word, it is totally unnecessary for me to recapitulate the many virtues for which your Royal Highness is so eminently distinguished; it would add nothing to the present knowledge of society, nor would it encrease that beatified refulgence, which those virtues have thrown on applauding myriads. To merit the plaudits of the good is the strongest sublunary incentive to virtue; and if the voluntary effusions of a generous nation may be considered as a suitable reward, then is your Royal Highness abundantly compensated, since to



every degree of merit due to super-eminence in virtue, is added, the voluntary and universal approbation of every subject of the empire ; nor can Fame confer a more exalted panegyric on your character than by proclaiming, that the most estimable of the daughters of Britain are proud to emulate your virtues. But no language is adequate to depict that amiable conduct in domestic life, which cannot fail to secure the permanancy of your Royal Consort's affection. *///*

For the continuance of these inestimable blessings, accept, most amiable Princess, the devout and fervent prayer of

Your Royal Highness's

Gratefully obliged,

Most faithful, and

Devoted humble servant,

*Margaret Lee.*

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## PREFACE.

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**EMBOLDENED** by the kind encouragement I have received, to publish the following Collection of Letters, which I confess are by no means exempt from failings, but which, being calculated to expose the insidious arts of hypocrisy, and the malevolent effects of jealousy, disguised under the semblance of friendship, and also to illustrate an example of virtue patiently suffering under the most bitter persecution; having likewise attempted to describe the perfidious conduct of an unprincipled debauchée, and to evince to the unsuspecting virgin the necessity of circumspection, and the danger of credulity, and thus endeavoured

to

to fortify the cause of virtue; and the whole being drawn from characters in real life, will, I hope, be considered by the candid and indulgent Reader, as some apology for the numerous defects of its style and execution; and to their mercy do I appeal against the anticipated attacks of rigid criticism. Not that I desire to evade a candid and impartial investigation, but, on the contrary, shall be thankful for those criticisms which instruct while they correct, which reform while they censure.

It has been observed, that authors should exert all their powers in order to dazzle and amuse their readers; but it has ever been admitted by the discerning part of mankind, that if the instructions of virtue are intended to have any permanent effect, they should be addressed, through the judgment, to the heart; and that the passions should  
always



always be considered as mere auxiliaries, and never treated as principals.

This mode I have in general attempted through the following Letters, with what success the candid Reader will determine; where I have given loose to the flights of fancy, I hope it will be admitted that it has never overleaped the bounds of probability, or broken down the pale of decorum.

If these volumes should fortunately meet with the public approbation, it will afford me the highest satisfaction; should they fail, I shall have the heart-felt consolation of reflecting that the attempt was founded on the purest principles of philanthropy, and with the most sincere and earnest desire to promote the cause of virtue. The task of writing for the Public is an arduous one for a woman to engage in; but, where the motive is good, the brave and generous dispositions

positions of Englishmen will revolt at the idea of fastidious criticism, and will rather cast the mantle of indulgence over venial defects, in hopes that time and experience may mature her talents, and bring them nearer to perfection.

*M. Lee.*



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THE  
DISTRESSED WIDOW, &c.

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LETTER I.

TO CAPTAIN PARKER at Bath.

DEAR PARKER,

*Ramsay, Isle of Man,*

WE have been some time arrived in this beautiful and extensive bay, after cruizing about some time in quest of the enemy: We were soon joined by several ships of war, which cast anchor near us; I have been on shore several times—I know not what the winter may be here, but I am delighted with the beauty of this country in spring—Bold, picturesque, and romantic, nature reigns here in all her wanton luxuriance, adorned by a number of rural walks which mock the more cultivated beauties about

VOL. I.

B

Bath



Bath and London. The views from our ships, of the town, rocks, glens, and hills, is infinitely lovely. In this bay ships may ride safe from all winds except the north-east. The town of Ramsey is most romantically situated; though small and irregular, it contains two principal streets, with a number of neat straggling ones that lead to them. A large lake divides one part of the town, over which is a fine bridge—a stream, continually running wildly from it to the harbour's mouth, receives a very beautiful river, which runs serpentine up the country many miles, and affords a most charming amusement to the angler, being filled with fine trout. Near the parade and quay is a large stone lighthouse, which is every night illuminated, to guide the wearied mariner safe into harbour.

I am told many fashionable families resort here for the enjoyment of its salubrious air, and the benefit of the salt water; and, indeed, there is no place better adapted for invalids—the bay being so well sheltered

tered from blustering winds and shifting sands.—The beach is level and spacious, covered with beautiful sands, which are daily purified by the flowing and ebbing tide. Here health and invigorating enjoyment may be indulged with pleasure and safety. They have several good inns, and the civility of the proprietors atone for their want of splendour. I rambled this morning to the side of a beautiful hill, which shades the town, invited by the charming prospect. The first thing that attracted my eye was the chapel of ease belonging to the town. It is situated on a rising ground, under the shade of a delightful hill, and near a most romantic glen. Close to this chapel stands a noble monument, enclosed by cypress and weeping willows. From this solemn scene I hastened to the town, where several fine buildings drew my attention; one, in particular, the residence of a merchant, whose polite hospitality I have heard Captain C. speak of at Portsmouth. We dine there to-morrow, and hope to be introduced to

the ladies. I have not seen many beauties here, but am informed the women are in general handsome; their manners are easy and obliging. I dine to day with some of my brother officers, who are consulting about giving the ladies a ball to-morrow-night. I must now retire to dress—Adieu for the present.

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*Wednesday-night.*

I AGAIN re-assume my pen, to assure my dear friend that the two happiest days of my life I have spent in Mona. I was quite charmed with the groups of amiable females that surrounded me yesterday, particularly with one of them—the sweet *Juliet* dear!—After regaling ourselves with every delicacy the season afforded, at Mr. L——’s, and the best claret I ever drank, a walk was proposed to a pretty garden, at a little distance from this hospitable mansion, to enjoy from a rural summer-house, which is situated on an eminence in the garden, the walls of which were lined with the choicest fruit-trees, an extensive and delightful view  
of



of our ships and the bay. On casting my eyes around, what prospects rushed on my sight!—they were diversified by a variety of hills, glens, and rivers; and intermingled with smiling farms, and thatched cottages, adding to the pleasure that must arise from the moving scene of the ships continually passing and repassing into the bay. The sea was quite calm—the day lovely—the bright sun sportfully playing on our sails, which were loose to dry. Several small vessels and Mank's boats were also sailing about our ships, with a sloop of war, in full sail, coming round the point of Air. Never, my dear *Parker*, was I so delighted with a prospect, which formed a picture beautiful beyond description; and, what added to the beauty of the view, the lovely Miss *Dear* sat opposite me. This charming girl, without being regularly beautiful, delights every sensible heart—she is fair—her elegant form has an air of softness and langour, which seizes the soul in a moment—her fine blue eyes had a bewitching sensibility

bility in them—her long eye-lashes added to the softness of their expression—a certain degree of simplicity and native innocence inspired all her sentiments, and accompanied all her actions ; her auburn hair fell in careless ringlets on the loveliest neck that nature ever formed. Her dress, a fine worked muslin, white chip bonnet trimmed with spring-green ribbon. A song was proposed, and at the earnest request of an officer, she sung, *the Soldier tir'd of War's Alarms*, which she performed with great taste and judgment ; the echo of her sweet harmonious voice returned from a group of neighbouring rocks, and enchanted my senses. The ladies retired soon to dress, and I was surprized to see the beauty, taste and elegance that was displayed in this remote spot. There was a set of fine young fellows at the ball, well dress'd. The charming *Juliet* dances finely. I never saw a more graceful minuet moved. Their assembly-room is elegantly neat. I have made a very agreeable acquaintance with a gentleman, a native of this

this isle ; from him I hope to hear a particular account of the Isle of Man ; and, agreeable to your request, will give you all the information in my power. We received cards of invitation to dine with the Commanding Officer of the town, who is married to a very beautiful woman, which is her least recommendation to the affectionate husband ; but it is her engaging and amiable conduct, and her attention to her children, who like olive-branches surround his table—I was pleased with the spirit and loyalty of the male part, who, impatient to serve their king and country, will scarce wait till riper years mature them. I feel myself much indisposed—Dear *P.* the lovely *Juliet* hangs about my heart, I wished to shew her a thousand little attentions, but our Commodore ordered us on board at an earlier hour than we expected ; but the great luminary of the night was so beautifully bright, that it afforded me sufficient light on the beach—being inspired at that moment with a poetical genius



to address the following lines to my charmer :—

*I feel thy charms, sweet Juliet, thy heart refin'd,  
And taste with bliss the beauties of thy mind.*

Mr. *Freely* came on board this morning, and invited the Captain and me to partake of a little excursion round Ramsay ; the rest of the fleet being on guard, we accompanied him on shore, the horses being ready ; we rode some miles round the country, which is well cultivated ; a number of gentlemen's seats, pretty farms, and thatched cottages, were scattered about the country, with a variety of romantic glens ; while the water, cascading down some of the rocky hills, afforded the greatest entertainment to the traveller—as the views in which the eye is delighted are admirably fine and extensive. The village called, Kirkglesia, abounds with wood and water, and strongly resembles many parts of England. The church is most romantically situated, adjoining a large wood, grove, and orchard, which produces  
great

great quantities of fruit. In short, the very improved state of cultivation about this town, appears rather the delicate work of the gardener than the effect of the more enlarged industry of the farmer.

What think you, my dear Sir, of a fine fowl for six-pence, and a nice chicken for four-pence? fish of all sorts in the highest perfection, and every other article of luxury equally cheap, I am told; such as pheasants, grouse, moor-game, partridges, &c. This is the sportsman's empire by sea and land. My friend *Freely* having engaged the gentle *Juliet* and her fair companions to join us after dinner, when the music attended, and with the assistance of cotillions and country dances, we beguiled the hours on the green till Six o'clock. We were then invited to Mr. C——'s charming villa, where we refreshed ourselves with tea, with that elegant simplicity, so pleasing to a sailor. This, my dear friend, is enjoying the delights of a country life. I never saw a place so formed to inspire love and harmony,

and should fortune favor my wishes with an addition to my present confined circumstances, and the laurel grace my brow, I would purchase a little farm in this agreeable neighbourhood, and, with the wished-for partner of my heart, the sweet *Juliet*, should she be disengaged, would spend the remainder of my life, giving and receiving that happiness that is only in the power of an amiable, virtuous wife to bestow.

We were invited by Mr. C. and his lovely daughters to visit their charming villa again before we left Mona, where they have spared neither pains or expence to render one of the most pleasing scenes in the neighbourhood; and it is acknowledged by all who visit there, that they depart with much reluctance from this sweet retreat.

Do me the favor, dear *Parker*, to call at Woodland-grove, and acquaint my mother with my present situation. I regret the smallness of my fortune on her account, as the dear orphans are an additional expence to her. Say every thing for me to *Colonel Lavington*



*Lavington* and his charming lady, when you see them. My best wishes attend the lively Miss *How*, and her agreeable friend, Miss *Lennox*, who is still in Shropshire I suppose. Capt. *H.* has just sent for me—some fresh orders, I suppose.

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*Thursday.*

I WAKED this sweet May-morning while the lark attuned her early song, and chaunted forth the praise of its Creator. I went on deck, and fancied I saw the lovely *Juliet* and her favorite friend walking along the shore-side; they were early up, to see bright *Phæbus* leave his watery bed, and kiss away *Aurora's* pearly tears, which hung on opening flowers, and which they had just been robbing the garden of. In vain did I entreat the Captain's permission to go on shore, having received orders to cruize about the coast. Again I took up a spying-glass—wasted my handkerchief—Adieu, dearest *Julia*, sighed forth my distressed heart, may you be happy, whatever becomes of me.—

B.6

Our

Our ship is under fail—May health and every blessing attend my dear *Parker* is the sincere wish of

WILLIAM BATEMAN.

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## LETTER II.

Miss LENNOX to Miss HERVEY.

*Ely Grove,*

COULD my beloved Harriet entertain an opinion so unworthy of her friend, as to believe that my silence proceeded from the cause to which you ascribed it? No, my dear girl, let the consequence of your advice have been ever so fatal to my peace, I could not but have loved the well-meaning adviser. You say, my *Henry* merits not my tenderness. “Forget him, my dear *Clara* (adds my friend) for your own sake—Persevere in your laudable resolution in favor of Mr. *Mandeville*—he will no doubt contribute all in his power to your felicity.” Ah! my Harriet,

Harriet, my groundless hopes are vanished—those flattering hopes with which I was weak enough to soothe my heart under all its sufferings; and am now obliged to stifle my ill-placed passion, that all my struggles cannot conquer. Believe me, there are no trials so severe as those where the heart is engaged; the common evils of life are light when compared to these. Should I not be unpardonable, my dear Harriet, were I to marry Mr. *Mandeville* from such selfish motives as my own convenience? how ungrateful!—What a blamable return for his generosity! Yet, I own my weakness, I tremble at the thoughts of poverty again—To fall from the affluence to which I have been accustomed in the early part of my life, to indigence and want—an unfriended creature, thrown on the merciless and unpitying world, what will become of me! I am still as much as ever at a loss how to act—it is true I do not hate him, but I feel not that affection I ought to have for the man I trust my happiness to. But why,  
 my



my dear, did the ungenerous *Colonel Elwood* dwell so long on the praises of my *Henry's* destined bride? Could he make no allowance for the frailty of human nature? Did he believe I could listen without pain to the encomiums he bestowed on her charms? Yet I took my heart severely to task; yes, in justice to that heart, I call it the first emotions of envy it ever felt. Still in the complaining strain you'll say; but I have done. How many strange and distressing events have happened since Mr. *Mandeville* left London! The time appointed for his return is nearly expired.

I have had another interesting and charming interview with my young and amiable benefactor, who has spent a few days here; and, to add to the delightful society, the arrival of a very accomplished and well-bred woman, a friend of Mrs. *Lavington*, has completed the group of friends here. She has honoured me with her friendship, and given me an invitation to accompany her to Ireland; and, as I can no longer suffer myself

self

self to remain in a state of dependence, I will accept her generous proposals, and by every attention and assiduity to her health and happiness, hope to merit the protection she will give as her humble companion. With what reluctance shall I leave this dear society of friends, this sweet retreat, where love and harmony reigns—Were I to paint but a hundredth part of the domestic happiness that the brave *Colonel Lavington* and his charming lady impart and enjoy, it would appear, perhaps, rather the creation of a disturbed brain, than a faithful report and just picture of the realities and delightful mutual intercourse of the married state. Prudence and exterior elegance govern here, and are visible substitutes for unmeaning profusion and ostentatious glare. Sweet Ely Grove, dear *Harriet*, is the most charming seat that can be imagined. The house is situated on the declivity of a hill, with a deep wood behind it; but the fine prospect in the front and side views, spurns all description. Hills, rills, and spacious plains,  
covered

covered with verdure, form a beauteous landscape, which serves at once to delight the eye, and please the imagination; and the house is so well designed, and so nobly proportioned, that it gives a most pleasing sensation to view it. But the coach is waiting, in a few minutes, my dear friend—I must set out for Liverpool, with the amiable Mrs. *Norman*. I shall write again the moment I arrive in town. Pity, and continue to love, your

CLARA LENNOX.

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### LETTER III.

COLONEL ELWOOD, to Mr. MEDLEY.

DEAR MEDLEY,

*Hat-Wells, Bristol.*

IF thou knowest what love is, thou wilt be able to account for my present feelings; and  
how



how much I must be hurt and disappointed, at being deprived of the fond wish of my heart—Thou knowest, *Medley*, how successful I have ever been with the fair sex, and how ill I can brook delays, or disappointments. But I must tell you how I came acquainted with the present object of my pursuit: Soon after my return from India, as I was sitting, killing an hour, with Mrs. *Wilmot*, one morning, the footman acquainted his lady that a young gentleman wished to speak to her—She was immediately shewn into the room where we sat; and with great modesty and humility offered herself candidate for Mrs. *Wilmot's* place, who was in want of a genteel young person, of respectable family, for a companion, and at times to attend her. I was struck with her address and plaintive voice. Soft as the dews from heaven descend, her gentle accents fell; but still more so, with the sensibility and spirit she visibly expressed in every look and action, when Mrs. *Wilmot* treated her with an unbecoming haughtiness—

ness—you know that lady's temper—a rising blush and starting tear at my cousin's indignant behaviour, captivated my wandering heart, and that moment, *Medley*, I marked her for my own; and ordered my servant to follow her. I found she lodged at a Mrs. *Allworthy's*, a very respectable woman—that her name was *Lennox*—that she was accomplished, and had no relations—lived very retired—and her most intimate friend, a Miss *Hervey*. To this lady I soon paid my addresses; and I found her fair friend had long been attached to *Henry Walpole*, who I had a slight acquaintance with before I left India. I prevailed on Miss *Hervey* to introduce me to the amiable girl, whom I was more and more charmed with every day; but her reserved behaviour, and Mrs. *Allworthy's* prudent conduct, who regarded *Clara Lennox* as her own daughter, prevented me from an opportunity of declaring my passion. Soon after this worthy woman was taken ill of a fever, and in a short time after died, and left poor Miss *Lennox* unprotected.

ted. Luckily for me she was removed to  
 Mrs. *Miser's*, sister to the deceased, but an  
 opposite character to her's. I immediately  
 took apartments in her house. The dear *Clara*  
 was seized with a slow fever. Young *Mande-*  
*ville*, who you saw once with me at Mr. *Wil-*  
*mot's*, had professed himself her lover; but,  
 having no hopes of success, was just set off  
 for Ireland. I found she doated on Mr. *Walpole*.  
 I reported a story of his being married in  
 India, to a very beautiful woman—Thanks  
 to Miss *Hervey* for contriving this story, to  
 urge her to encourage my addressee, and  
 accept my protection. She often wept as  
 we talked of *Henry W.* but oftener sighed,  
 and looked with a piercing eye, as if  
 she would penetrate into my very soul, for  
 the truth of what was doing there. I took  
 her hand—she struggled to draw it from me  
 —I prest it to my lips—she frowned—but a  
 frown, my friend, that had more distress  
 than indignation, I thought—I kneeled to  
 her—besought her with an earnestness that  
 called up, as I could feel, my heart to my  
 eyes



eyes—" By my soul, Miss *Lennox*, (cried I, forcing a tear) it gives pain to my heart to see you deserted by a man you adore, and to see you treated with such cruelty by Mrs. *Miser*, for want of money to pay her—Do, for God's sake! accept my assistance and friendship" She turned away her glowing face, and vanquished a half-risen sigh. I took her hand, and swore the happiness of my life depended on her, and how fervently I loved her.—She looked at me with an eye tending to compassion; but its benign rays were as often snatched back, and her face averted. This was an opportunity favourable to my wishes I thought. I assured her Mrs. *Miser* threatened to distress her for the money she owed; but at the same time I declared I would pay it for her, and take her out of all her difficulties, if she would make me happy this moment—Then folding her in my arms, and endeavouring to salute her by force—she rose up with trembling impatience—the tears starting in her indignant eyes—" Begone, Sir, touch me

me

me not"—and sighed as if her heart would break. I would have pressed her hand to my lips, but she drew it back from me with contempt. "Unhand me, Sir; how dare you insult me with your base proposals—thus making me feel my forlorn situation!"—I caught hold of her arm—she screamed—then with a look of sweet dignity, that commanded respect, obliged me to quit my hold; and, rushing out of the room, her whole person visibly agitated and weak, fainted before she could get into her bed-room, where she meant to lock herself, I suppose, from my sight. Sweet soul! I staid till I saw her revive, and then left this perverse skittish *Clara* to Mrs. *Miser's* management. She will break her spirit if any woman can—but I was concerned, dear *Medley*, the next morning, to hear, by the servant, that she was in a high fever. She requested the late Mrs. *Allworthy's* doctor should be sent for—she languished some time on a sick bed—she often called on the name of *Henry*, and her late deceased friend, and begged I might not be  
admitted

admitted near her. Love for my happy rival, and malice, hatred, and contempt, for your disappointed friend, reigned in her breast, I dare say, and heightened her fever; however, a strong constitution, and natural good spirits, conquered the fever, and she began to recover, to my great joy, but continued extremely weak. Mrs. *Miser* pressed hard for money, her illness, &c. being an additional expence. I found poor Miss *Lennox* with a trembling pen—had wrote to Miss *Hervey* to send her a small sum of money, to discharge the debt, &c. but she had an excuse ready. The amiable girl then wrote a long letter to her favourite sister, soliciting her immediate assistance, and painting forth her unfortunate situation; part of it addressed to her honoured parent, entreating a speedy remittance. This letter I stopped, having engaged my landlady in my interest, and bribed her with that sweet charm gold, to stop all letters to and from her, and comfort the poor girl, yet act as my sworn friend. As soon as my charmer was  
able



able to sit up, Mrs. *Miser* introduced me, declaring I would pay her whatever debts Miss *Lennox* had contracted, if she would aid and assist in getting her for me, and would do something handsome for them both: this had the desired effect on this mercenary woman.

As she sat up one day, with her head reclined on the servant's bosom, 'like patience on a monument smiling at grief.' Mrs. *M.* and I entered the room; a faint blush overspread her languid countenance—I again offered her my purse and protection—and would you believe it, dear *Medley*, in her defenceless and distressed situation she refused it, with a determined though faltering voice. I took her trembling hand, and attempted to salute it—She drew it from me, with a look of terrified resentment—Mrs. *Miser* threatened to arrest her, and left the room.—“ Oh thou truly despicable wretch! (cried she, lifting up her eyes to heaven,) who shall pity the unfortunate *Clara*, who has fallen into such cruel base hands?”

hands?"—" Oh, my wayward fate! (added she, wiping her eyes) what difficulties hast thou involved me in, deprived as I am of a father's blessing and protection."—Now, By my soul, *James*, all the weakness of the sex flew to my eyes—but I must have her—the difficulty I have met with enhances the value of the-object. I took her hand, and pressed it to my lips—I then desired the maid to leave the room, and folded my arms round her; but she screamed—" Dear *Betty*, do not leave me, I charge you—and immediately fainted away. I left the room, gnashing my teeth with passion and disappointment.

A few days after she was arrested, by Mrs. M. Oh! thought I, my charmer, thou wilt now be wholly in my power—Who triumphs now!—but know, my friend, to shew the superiority of virtue, she suffered herself to be carried to prison. I followed the coach—stopped it—again reminded her of her unhappy situation—entreated her to accept of my protection, and promised to pay the debt

debt on condition she would accept of my propofals.

Indignation kept her filent some minutes—"With a face fo unblushing, Sir, how dare you again insult me in my diftrefs? You whose heart is loft to the sweet feelings of humanity, and difinterested benevolence"—A great deal more she faid to mortify your poor difappointed friend, and then ordered the coachman to drive off. I bit my lips with vexation—I was filent—What a perverse woman this is, thought I, to contend with her fate, yet has reason to think that her very stars fight againft her. I flattered myfelf she would foon be tired of her new lodgings, and would be glad to make it up with me on any terms; yet that manfion fhall not hold long the lovely angel. But lo! *Medley*, this morning, when I was preparing to pay her a vifit, and take her away, a fanctified Clergyman had paid the debt, and taken my *Clara* in triumph with him. Find out the fugitive for me (they



say they have eloped for Shropshire or Bath)  
and you will ever oblige

Your sincere friend,

ELWOOD.

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#### LETTER IV.

CAPT. PARKER to Mr. BATEMAN.

DEAR BATEMAN,

*Ely Grove,*

I RECEIVED your obliging letter some time ago. I would have answered it sooner, but wished to see your mother and Miss *Bateman* first, agreeable to your own request. I was highly entertained with the description you give of the town of Ramsay, and the lovely *Juliet*; I was then at Bristol Hot-wells, where I have found great benefit from the waters, and hope to be able, in a few weeks, to serve again my King and country. I think Clifton-hill extremely romantic

mantic and pleasant, the rooms are elegant and spacious ; there was a great deal of company, and among them *Colonel Lavington*, and his agreeable family, who insisted on my accompanying them to Ely Grove. You will pardon me, I hope, for entertaining my friends with an account of that part of the island you have seen. The ladies were quite delighted with the description, and the fair *Juliet*—my *Louisa*—mine did I say?—would she were, my friend ! that is all that is wanting to compleat my happiness ! She has engaged me in a promise to indulge her in a sight of your letters for the future, and you know how much I am inclined to oblige the little Syren, particularly as her spirits have been lately depressed by the absence of Miss *Lennox*, who left Ely Grove lately, with a friend of Mrs. *Lavington*, whose kind partiality to the amiable *Clara*, does honour to her feelings. Mrs. *Norman* would fain have persuaded Miss *Lennox* to accompany her to Dublin, but some secret attachment in England, I suppose,

pose, or a dread of the sea, prevented her. We are all greatly interested in her happiness. Miss *Howe* pressed the gentle *Clara* to continue some time longer in Shropshire, and then accompany her to Yorkshire; the charming Mrs. *Lavington* joined in the request, Miss *Lennox*, melting into tears, replied, "I am sensible of your friendship, ladies; and the obligations I am under has sunk deep into my heart; but we must part; the necessity for preventing part of the evils my imprudence may have occasioned, will recall me to reason, duty, and myself."—"I cannot misconstrue your conduct (answered Miss *Howe*) which has, I dare say, ever had the most upright intentions, and I am sensible of the innate virtues of your soul. Stay then, my dear *Clara*, my mother assures you of the most friendly welcome in Yorkshire."—"No, my generous, amiable friends, (replied she) it cannot be; but, when I forget my obligations to this worthy family, may I cease to live." That moment Mrs. *Norman* called for her, and away went the carriage; the  
 tear



tear of sensibility dropped over the separation, and regret followed the parting steps of this much-esteemed girl.

According to your request, my dear B. I called at Woodland-cottage, and found your mother in good health and spirits, attended by the sweet orphans; they are much improved in height and beauty. On my entering the room, the sportive *Lydia*, with all her monkey-tricks, was prattling away, to please her aged parent. On seeing me advance—"Oh, my dear Grand-mamma, (cried she) see Captain *Parker*;" and ran into her arms; but, in a moment recollected herself, and advanced to receive me. It was like spring rising from the bosom of winter. Your mother asked a thousand questions about her dear *William*. While the gentle *Evelina* was embroidering a waistcoat for you, the pattern a wreath of laurels; and said, with such a beautiful grace as made her appear all loveliness, she hoped it would be acceptable to her dear uncle. They then rose off their seats, and each taking an arm

of their aged parent, shewed me their pretty cottage; the walls of which are covered with woodbine and jessamine, and seemed a little paradise of sweets. I took the liberty to offer my friendship in your absence. The dear girls thanked me with a smile. I am quite charmed with their simplicity and innocence. I must introduce them to my friend *Wilding*. *Evelina*, of all the girls in the world, would please his taste. I must prevail on Miss *Howe* to visit them. We are impatient to hear from you; be particular in your accounts; but seek not, dear *Bateman*, to entangle the affections of the lovely *Juliet*; consider your circumstances, and the chances of war. Remember me respectfully to the Commodore and Mr. *P.* and believe me to be,

Your's, sincerely,

THOMAS PARKER.

LETTER

## LETTER V.

Miss LENNOX to Miss HOWE, at Ely Grove.

*Liverpool,*

MY dear *Louisa*, I blush to think of my long silence; but do not suppose it has proceeded from forgetfulness or ingratitude, though appearance is against me; but a slow fever, which confined me to my bed, and prevented me from exercising my stupid pen sooner, to assure my dear friends, at Ely Grove, how often I reflect on the happy hours I spent under their hospitable roof. Mrs. *Norman*, with the most pleasing attention, endeavoured to rouse me out of a stupid lethargy, that seized me soon after I parted with my beloved Miss *Howe*. We spent a week at Buxton, which had no charms for me, as the generous *Wilding* had just left it. My protectress was much disappointed, being prepared to admire him, from his general good character; his conversation is so sensible, his manners so gentle,



so unassuming, that he at once engages esteem, and diffuses complaisance.

The situation of Buxton is extremely romantic. Derbyshire-hills render one part of the road unpleasant travelling. We have met with great attention and civility from several families here, from whom I shall part with regret. The inhabitants of Liverpool are reckoned wealthy and intelligent; the town is large, the buildings noble and elegant, and many of the streets equal to any in London. You, my dear *Louisa*, would be delighted with their fine docks, the best in the known world, and the view of the shipping.

At parting, Mrs. *Norman* took my hand, and with a gracious smile said—"I am convinced, my dear *Clara*, by your obliging attention to my health, that you merit my best esteem. I have just received a letter from a lady of my acquaintance in London, who is in want of a companion. I have answered it; and, as I have not been able to persuade you to accompany me to Ireland, I have  
strongly

strongly recommended you to her protection. I would advise you to set off to-morrow ; and, as you will be in want of money, the journey being expensive, I beg your acceptance of this trifle." As she presented me her purse, a sympathizing tear dropped on the generous hand which conveyed it. " Write to me from London, (continued she, with tears swimming in her eyes) I expect you will keep your promise to acquaint me with your history: I have often checked my rising curiosity. You seem, by your unprotected situation, dear Miss *Lennox*, to have lost your parents, or are they cruelly unkind? or, perhaps, you have offended them; but I see I distress your feelings. God. Bless my dear *Clara*!" cried she, with a faltering voice. She was then handed on board, and in an instant the ship was under sail. How ardently did I pray that Heaven might protect this valuable woman! As her letter to Mrs. *Goodall* was not sealed, curiosity induced me to read it: and have enclosed a copy for your perusal.

" Mrs. NORMAN to Mrs. GOODALL, at  
Canterbury.

" DEAR MADAM,

*Liverpool.*

" **T** HIS Letter will be delivered to you by a young gentlewoman, of my acquaintance, who I highly esteem : she is accomplished, and gentle in her manners, with an obliging attentiveness that gains her the love of strangers at first sight ; I am persuaded she will do every thing in her power to merit your good opinion and friendship, and be a useful companion. She is a girl of genteel birth, whom misfortunes have driven into a state of dependence ; I commit her to your protection, and only hope she may be found worthy half the goodness I am satisfied she will meet with at your hospitable mansion. But I am summoned on board the vessel ; the wind is fair ; once more I beg you will extend your friendship to poor Miss *Lennox*, and believe me, dear Madam,

" Your's sincerely,

" ARABELLA NORMAN."

AND



AND now, my dear Miss *Howe*, I am just setting off for London, with a sad foreboding heart. Duty teaches me to bend my steps towards the authors of my being; but I read the sea, and still more the frowns of those I have innocently offended: I dare not trust them with my happiness again, and yet my soul sighs for the sweet peace of being restored to their affections. I am sent for; the coach is ready. Should Mrs. *Goodall* not approve of me, where then shall I find an asylum? But hope, sweet substitute for happiness, whose mental gildings dawn periodically upon the soul, like light on the creation, cheers my drooping spirits.—Assure Colonel *Lawington*, and your charming sister, of my grateful esteem. Captain *Parker* has my best wishes for success with the little teasing *Louisa*. Again I am called, the coach is ready.—Adieu! my dear loved friend; and believe me to be,

Your grateful,

CLARA LENNOX.

## LETTER VI.

Mr. BATEMAN TO CAPT. PARKER.

DEAR SIR,

*Isle of Man.*

NEED I tell you the pleasure it gave me to find you were so well recovered from the severe fit of the gout that prevented you from joining us? I am happy to hear my mother is well, and the dear girls. After cruising about Scotland, and the Irish coast, we returned to guard this Isle, where we are to be stationed sometime longer. Our Commodore ordered us to anchor in Douglass Bay; I accompanied him, and *Capt. H.* on shore: we spent some hours in viewing the town, which is large, but irregular. There is a number of noble and convenient houses; one in particular, the residence of the Governor, whenever he visits the isle. Douglass was formerly full of rich and eminent dealers; the reason of which is plain, the harbour of it being the most frequented of any in the Isle,

by

by Dutch, Irish, and East India vessels. The church is situated on a rising ground, which commands a delightful view; and there is a neat little chapel of ease near the parade. They have here a very handsome theatre, and a large assembly room, with several good boarding and lodging houses, in a very genteel stile. Physicians, surgeons, and apothecaries, of great abilities. Among the improvements of the town, I must mention the schools, there are three for the reception of young ladies, besides two private seminaries, lately established, at some little distance from this town, by respectable and intelligent clergymen; so that the health and education of the children sent here, for the benefit of sea-bathing, may be both attended to. Near the harbour is a large stone pier, which joins the parade; this elegant and useful work is completed in the most convenient manner; and, whilst it adds both to the security and beauty of the town, affords a pleasant and spacious walk, to those who may be desirous of exhaling the salubrious  
and



and invigorating breezes of the sea. On the pier we were joined by a large party of gentlemen and ladies, whose countenances displayed the greatest share of sensibility, animation, and innocence: their complexion is fine, without the addition of art, which, I suppose, is owing to the pure and wholesome air of this Isle. *Capt. H.* is quite captivated with the Miss *Hammonds*; those charming girls have learned the art to please at first sight; and their vivacity can only be equalled by their beauty; but it had no effect on your friend *Bateman's* heart, which is devoted to my sweet *Juliet*. Beauty may charm the eye, but merit wins the soul. We received a polite invitation to the nunnery. The delightful and elegant villa of *Major T.* where I was as agreeably surprised as at *Ramsay*. The false accounts I have heard of this Island, had prejudiced us against it at our first coming; but I will be bold to say, those ill-natured remarks, recited by the author of the *History of the Isle of Man*, are without the least foundation: one of his observations

observations is, that the Manks ladies are so awkward, that if invited to the table of an English family, they know not how to make use of knives, forks, or spoons, and that they carved and eat with their fingers: the author has been extremely prejudiced, as they are well supplied with plate, and those utensils, knives, forks, and spoons, in abundance: nor did I ever see the honours of a table more gracefully performed than at the houses of some of the natives of this Isle. We were entertained with every rarity and delicacy the season could produce. Here was formerly a nunnery, the ruins of which, I am told, were visible a few years ago, and plainly indicated that few religious houses exceeded it either in size or elegance; particularly the cieling of the cloysters, which were evidently the workmanship of the most masterly hands; but, in some of the dreadful revolutions this Island has sustained, it doubtless had suffered much from the outrages of soldiers, as was seen by the wreck of the chapel, which was one of the finest in the world.

world. Close to the altar, I am told, stood an antique monument, which, though mouldered by the hand of time, seemed to indicate by its ornament, two javelins, and a broken sword, that some warrior here slept the sleep of death.

Here have also been some curious monuments, the inscriptions of which, though almost erased, still retain enough to inform the reader the bodies of very great personages have been deposited here; there was plainly to be read, a few years ago, I am told, on one of them, *Illustrissima Matilda Felix*; and, a little below, on the same stone, *Rex, Mercia*. I think there is great probability, that it was *Matilda*, the daughter of *Ethelbert*, one of the Kings of England, of the Saxon race; since both *Stow* and *Hollingshead* agree that that Princess died a recluse: but I am entirely of opinion, that *Cortismunda*, the fair Nun of Winchester, who fled from the violence of King *John*, was here buried. Several of the old ruins have been pulled down, and rebuilt.

The



The saloon, and other apartments, are fine, and elegantly finished; at the front of the house, towards the town, is a spacious square, planted round with ever-greens, silver furze, and the most beautiful flowering shrubs; the gardens are laid out with great taste; and adjoining is an excellent hot-house, or nursery, shrubbery, and wilderness, the whole being connected with surprising convenience. The nunnery is universally admired for its beautiful prospect; from the windows, up stairs, are picturesque views of great beauty: near the front of the house, runs a beautiful river, wandering serpentine through the vale, till it meets the harbour; over it is a very handsome bridge; and near it a water-mill, fertile meadows, beautiful cottages, and a ruinous Gothic bridge, all at such a distance, as to be pleasing objects. To-morrow we sail for Ramsay. It is but just to say, that the inhabitants of Douglais spare no pains to render the town pleasing to strangers; and we shall depart with much reluctance. Adieu! my dear *Parker*; I am impatient to see my sweet

sweet *Juliet* ; I shall write to you again in a few days.

Your's sincerely,

W. BATEMAN.

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### LETTER VI.

Miss LENNOX to Mrs. NORMAN, near  
Strebane, Ireland.

I TAKE the earliest opportunity to acquaint my dear friend, that I arrived safe here. I was received by Mrs. *Goodall* in the most flattering manner. I think her a very charming woman; but I am convinced not happy. Mr. *Goodall* seems to repine at her want of tenderness for him. What obligations am I not under to you, my dear Madam! The honour of your acquaintance was a happiness sufficient to require of me the utmost return of gratitude; but your generous care in providing an asylum for me, before I could ask, or even expect it, is a proof  
of

of your exalted goodness of heart. My journey to London, was attended with some unfortunate circumstances. I was robbed of my trunk of cloaths on the road; you may readily imagine what I felt on this occasion;

*" Fix'd in a stupid lethargy of woe,*

*" No sigh could rise, no tear had power to flow."*

It was necessary to acquaint Mrs. Goodall, and the family, with my loss, as the want of cloaths might subject me to the impertinence of curiosity, the sneers of conjecture, and ridicule of the servants. Mr. and Mrs. Goodall, with a gracious smile, assured me I had nothing to fear. The remainder of your kind present at parting, enabled me to purchase cloaths, fit to appear as the friend and companion of my new kind protectress.

Mr. Goodall has made me several presents; and his respectful and polite attention distresses me at times, as it is more than I have a right to expect, as an humble dependant on his lady. You, my dear Mrs. Norman, are so obligingly interested in my happiness, that it would be unpardonable to conceal any  
part



part of my conduct from you. But Mrs. Goodall has ordered me to attend her; she has been in tears. We are going to London for a few months; and, agreeable to your request, will acquaint you with my little history, to the moment I had the happiness of seeing you at Ely Grove. The carriage is ready, and Mrs. G. is impatient.—Adieu! my dear Madam; long may you continue on earth, to bless,

Your grateful,

CLARA LENNOX.

*Canterbury.*

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## LETTER VIII.

MR. WILDING TO CAPTAIN PARKER.

*Bath.*

I AM sorry to hear, my dear friend, you have a relapse of the gout, it happens unlucky at this time. Pray tell the charming *Louisa*, that it is in her power to restore you

you to health and happiness. I fancy her tenderness will have a greater effect than all the medicines the physician can prescribe. It is on condition that she will make up this little quarrel, and be reconciled to my friend, that I oblige her with the wished-for account of the amiable foreigner, who has filled the town, from all parts, and made London the seat of pleasure. I have considered her attentively, her soul seems to illuminate her eyes; on her brow sits the benignity of an angel on a visit of mercy and compassion—in her person are realized all the feminine graces of ease, proportion, and delicacy—her features are softened by every interesting, and animated by every enlivening expression that can be thrown in them by virtuous sensibility. I am told, though formed to shine, she likes not the bustle of public life: she endures it, but not enjoys it.

The first time I had the honour to see this paragon, she was administering sweet benevolence to a school with inimitable grace.

The

The female eye is never so beautiful as when its radiance is softened by a beam of humanity—motives to that ever-actuating beneficence, which stays not for the importunity of the distressed, but anticipates their suits, and prevents them with the blessings of goodness!—Like a sweet violet, she freely, and without solicitation, distributes the bounty of her emissive sweets, whilst herself retires from sight with exemplary humility, in the absence of her royal warrior, seeking rather to administer pleasure and comfort than to win admiration and popularity!—emblem expressive of those modest virtues which delight to bloom in obscurity, which extend their cheering influence to multitudes, who are scarce yet acquainted with the source of their comfort.

Agreeable to Miss *Howe's* request, I called on Miss *Lennox*, and, sending up my name, was immediately admitted. I found her in deep mourning for her father, amusing herself with painting an elegant crape-trimming for Mrs. *Goodall*. When she saw me, a deep blush



blush dyed her cheeks—she has never been remarkable for beauty, but is irresistibly pleasing, though over-shadowed with melancholy and adorned by sensibility,—her fine dark hair she had endeavoured to confine under a small lawn cap, but it had broke from its bondage, and played in wanton ringlets round her face. I delivered Miss *Howe's* letter, and, at the same time, offered my friendship and purse, as she might be in want of cash, owing to her loss of cloaths; the latter she declined accepting, with grateful acknowledgments. When I think of her present dependent situation, without the protection of her parents, I tremble for her—when I see that elegance of person, and that tender and melancholy air, strongly expressive of the most exquisite sensibility, I have fears for her I cannot conquer: yet I am firmly convinced of the goodness of her heart, though I am not certain, but that very goodness of heart, may have been, from an unhappy concurrence of circumstances her chief misfortune. Some of the old maiden  
aunts,

aunts that visit here, I find, think Miss *Lennox* no better than she should be; but either somebody has said it, or the idea is from *Sbenstone*, "those are mostly the best people whose characters have been most injured by slanderers, as we usually see the best fruit is what the birds have been pecking at." Her eyes speak the language of truth and innocence. I am quite charmed with your description of *Woodland Cottage*, and the beauties it contains. *Evelina!* the sweet *Evelina!* I am prepared to admire; wit, beauty, and innocence, you say, with a person charming, and heavenly blue eyes--if she answers the description you have given of her, I will offer her a heart, a stranger yet to the passion of love, though a constant admirer of beauty; but if I find it deficient in modesty and delicacy of sentiment, it has no longer charms for me.

I found much entertainment from Mr. *Bateman's* letters, which you was so obliging as to enclose; and, from the description of the *Life of Man*, know not a place in the world  
I would

I would prefer to settle in; the soil is healthy, provision cheap, the country delightfully pleasant, the inhabitants sociable and agreeable: with these advantages I could enjoy every luxury of life, in a more superior style than I could possibly do in London.

Should I marry, I shall be with you in a few days. Say every thing for me to the ladies: and believe me,

Sincerely your's,

CHARLES WILDING.

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LETTER IX.

Miss LENNOX to Mrs. NORMAN, at Streban.

*Berkeley Square.*

EVERY mark of your friendship, my dear Madam, must be particularly pleasing to one that knows your worth as I do; I have, therefore, to thank you as well for your kind  
D letters



letters as for those obliging offers, which I shall make no scruple of accepting, if I should in future have an occasion.

When I came here, I gayly dreamed of happiness; but, time that inures us to every kind of suffering, has strengthened my mind against the heavy sadness impress on it, by the account of the death of my dear father. With a heart exhausted by affliction, and eyes that no longer supply tears to lament his loss, I turn my every thought towards obliging you, my dear Mrs. Norman, by reciting my history, to that moment I had first the pleasure of seeing you at Ely Grove. Oh why! too generous friend, require me to live over again my misfortunes, by reciting the sorrows I have experienced. Alas! it is the dear-bought privilege of the unfortunate to be tedious. Fain would I avoid the task I am engaged in, but your solicitations and curiosity shall be gratified; and I hope, my dear Madam, the account I shall give of myself will meet with that indulgence, the  
exercise

exercise of which is natural to you.—I fear some parts of my conduct will merit censure from the scrutinizing eyes of parents, and those of more experience in the world than I was at that early period when first I left my native home: and whatever errors youth and inexperience led me into, the goodness of my intentions will, I hope, plead my excuse: and I trust my gentle reader will extend that lenity I am sure to meet with from your partiality.

Know then, my dear Madam, the little portionless *Clara* was the daughter of a respectable and eminent merchant. Yearly his family increased with his wealth. The education he bestowed on us was equal to the fortune he meant to give us: But, all of a sudden, unforeseen and capital losses sowed the temper of my dear parents, and made them urgent for me to marry a neighbouring gentleman, that honoured me with his addresses, to whom I had the greatest dislike, my heart being attached to the merits of an amiable young man, of a re-

spectable family and fortune. Our affections were mutual—but it was our fate to be separated by the cruelty of his parents, whose ambitious, and selfish views soared higher than the daughter of a merchant.—Never being so happy as to be a favourite of my mother, and her continual sollicitations to force me to a marriage my soul detested, made my life insupportable, as it was frequently the cause of little altercations, which made my parents unhappy, and your *Clara* still more so—and compelled me to seek an asylum in a distant country. With a heart oppressed with grief and fear, I sat down to acquaint my dear *Henry* with my unhappy situation.—At that moment I received the following letter from him.

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“ Mr. WALPOOL to Miss LENNOX.

“ **H**OW disappointed, my dear Miss *Lennox*, was your *Henry*, at not meeting you at the assembly last night! I had a thousand things



things to say to you—and flattered myself with an opportunity, as the Major had kindly undertaken to draw my sister's attention from us.—But say, my dear *Clara*, you will receive my letters, and answer them—Can you deny me?—Such a needless reserve would, in my present circumstances, absolutely drive me to despair—for I am under the necessity of leaving my beloved *Clara*. By my uncle's invitation, and my father's commands, I am to sail for India in a few days. Judge then what will become of me, during my banishment, if you refuse me the consolation of putting you sometimes in mind of your absent lover.—Dare I rely on the constancy you allowed me to flatter myself with!—I tremble least a worthier object supplants me.—Surely my eyes may be indulged in one tender adieu! though my tongue must be silent.—Will you meet me to-morrow at *Major Colville's*; I dine there; they, I am sure, will be glad to see Miss *Lennox*. They are to have a private ball in the evening; my father and

lister will be of the party. Mrs. Colville begs me to assure you of her warmest wishes for your happiness; she expects you to dinner. I know not how to quit this new and delightful employment of writing to you; but I will no longer trespass on your patience—will therefore, with the greatest reluctance, at last, subscribe myself,

“ My dear Clara's

“ Devoted and affectionate

“ HENRY WALPOLE.”

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TO give a just description of the various emotions that successively took possession of my soul on reading this letter, would require the pen of a *Richardson*. Agreeable to Mr. *Walpole's* request, I waited on Mrs. *Colville*: dressed in simple lawn, lilac ribbon, a white chip hat, and a black lace cloak: a dress my *Henry* had often admired. They were just sitting down to dinner, the friseurs having done their utmost to render them

them perfectly charming. Immediately after the cloth was removed, Mr. W. retired to make some alteration in his dress, having rode out that morning; the business of the toilet was soon dispatched by *Henry*; he is at all times elegant and genteel; and he re-entered the dancing-room, a full hour before the ladies were ready. The interval gave time for reflection even to madness. He then approached me in the most graceful manner, and, with every delicacy of sentiment, assured me of his most fervent love and friendship. How charming did the minutes glide away! He fain would have prevailed on me to consent to a secret marriage; but as he was solely dependent on his father, my heart rejected the idea of leading my *Henry* into distress, or being treated with indignity by a family I esteemed. We mutually agreed never to marry while the other was single, but to wait for happier prospects.—On his father's arrival, I took a long, a last adieu of all I held dear on earth.—While my lover, with a faltering



ing voice, and the tear glittering in his eye, bid me farewell!—I retired to solitude to give way to my tears—In vain did my dear parents intreat me to accept the offered hand of Mr. *Tarleton*, who now became hateful to my sight, and I longed to get rid of my present embarrassment, and the importunities of a man it was impossible for me to love; which incensed my parents, and induced my mother to seek for faults in my conduct, as an excuse for her reproofs; and which compelled me to the rash step I took to seek an asylum in a distant country.—In the dead of night, when the family were lulled to rest, I eloped from my paternal home.—Having engaged the Captain of the vessel, and taken my favourite servant with me, I was handed on board the ship, and in a few hours was out of sight of that mansion that contained the authors of my being.—Here, my dear Madam, let me drop a tear at the remembrance of what I felt, at that moment, for  
my

my honoured parents.—After a dangerous passage we landed in England. I took the first opportunity to write to my father, to beg his forgiveness for the pain I had given his worthy heart—and the resolution I had taken to place myself under the protection of some good lady.

I soon heard of an eligible situation, with a maiden lady, who was in want of a companion: She was a branch of the noble *Earl of D——*'s family. I waited on her immediately, and informed her, with the utmost candor, my reasons for seeking her protection. I was received by this charming woman with all that easy politeness—that high-bred delicacy—that so much distinguishes the woman of fashion. With her I lived three happy years, the friend of her heart; my employment was to read to her, and attend her in the carriage—equally attentive to my happiness as to the improvement of my mind—It was here I contracted a friendship for Miss *Harriet Hervey*, who was on a visit, with an aunt of her's, a clergy-

man's widow, in the neighbourhood. Her easy address and agreeable manner prejudiced me in her favor. She often spoke of Mr. *Walpole*, who was a pupil of her uncle, with a warmth of friendship that alarmed me. I cautioned her against indulging a growing partiality for a man whose affections were already engaged. I unguardedly opened my heart, and informed her of our mutual attachment. The simplicity with which she confessed her esteem for a man, whose innocent sports she had revelled in with his sister, in his youthful days, raised her in my opinion; and, having then just received a letter from my *Henry*, allowed her to peruse it. Being earnestly desirous, soon after, to see my native home, I entreated my benefactress's permission to pay my honored parents a visit. With reluctance this dear friend consented to my absence for a few months. Placing an unlimited confidence in Miss *Hervey's* friendship, I had requested Mr. *Walpole* to direct my letters, for the future, to her care.

The



The same composition of earth and water renewed his addresses on my return home, and met with every encouragement from my parents. I was persecuted with his fulsome love, and my dislike encreased every day. The tender affection of my sister reconciled me to many unpleasing events I experienced. Grateful to her love, and attached to her virtues, I felt the utmost pain in parting.—

A letter from my dear benefactress, urging my return, on account of her being much indisposed, compelled me to leave her, being anxious to oblige my valuable friend, which offended that dear parent I now so sincerely lament, and gave pain to the breast of a mother, whose only failing was an unaccountable unkindness and injustice to some of her children, from prejudices too hastily imbibed. I endeavoured to remove the melancholy which heavily oppressed her mind, and, when the tide of passion and maternal grief had in some degree abated, “Permit me to go, Madam, (said I) in peace; let my sister shine in all the splendour of high

life ; but suffer me to enjoy the pleasures of an humble retirement, with a mind to which greater views are unknown." I then took a hasty leave, and, after a pleasant journey, arrived at the hall ; but ah ! how was I shocked, my dear Madam, on being informed that my kind benefactress was no more ! She had left me her picture, a mourning ring, and some of her most valuable books.—Here let me pause, and offer the tribute of a grateful tear to the memory of the best of women.

I immediately wrote to my friend Miss *Hervey*, who invited me to spend the day with her. She had not the power to offer me an asylum, but recommended me to a Mrs. *Allworthy*, a very respectable woman, who had apartments to let. With her I was very comfortable for some time, making diligent enquiry for a situation in a family. The impression the death of my dear benefactress had left on my mind, joined to the absence of my beloved *Henry*, cast a gloom over my countenance and oppressed my heart

heart with the keenest anguish; particularly as his neglecting to write impressed me with some doubts of his constancy.

As I was one day sitting, embroidering a satin basket, Sir R. P——'s carriage drove by. "There goes a benevolent man, (said Mrs. *Allworthy*) he never suffers a petitioner to be kept in suspense, or treated with rudeness or disrespect; and his lady is equally good and charitable. I and my aged mother (continued she) were once in great distress, and, for a trifling debt, were arrested and thrown into prison. We applied to several of our wealthy relations, who refused to relieve us, when the worthy Sir R. P. heard of our distress, and, having liberally contributed to our immediate relief, collected sufficient to reinstate us in our former situation. He is an excellent man, Miss *Lennox*, (continued she) I would advise you to present his lady with a piece of your work." I immediately sat down and painted, on white satin, a group of the choicest flowers the garden produces, which

Mrs.



Mrs. *Allworthy* obligingly conveyed, together with a respectful note, which *Lady P.* condescendingly answered by a polite invitation to call the next morning.

Her Ladyship, with all the graces of feminine delicacy, possesses a degree of penetration superior to her sex. Her birth and fortune were among the least of her recommendations to the affections of her husband; she is the enlivening companion of his domestic hours, and the chief comfort of his heart.

On my admission to her Ladyship she received me with a graceful smile, assured me of her recommendation, and soothed me with the most flattering hopes. She then presented me with a sealed paper, which, on opening, I found contained a very liberal present. This benignant conduct of her Ladyship raised in my breast the most lively emotions of gratitude, and awakened the dormant rays of hope.

On my return home I heard of a lady who wanted a companion. I waited on her the

the next morning, and offered myself a candidate for the situation. She was leaning on a sofa, in a careless attitude, paring her nails; and near her sat an officer, with a book in his hand. She appeared to be handsome, but had neither elegance or grace. "Who recommended you, young woman, (said she) with a look of contempt? Can you read well, draw, and work with your needle? I shall expect you to dress my hair occasionally, and make my millinery. What nobleman's family have you lived in as upper servant?" continued she with, an haughty air that froze my heart. I informed her, with a tearful eye, I had never yet lived in that capacity; but, if she would take me, I would do all in my power to merit her good opinion. "Do you think, my dear Colonel, that the creature will do?" said she, addressing herself to the gentleman; who smiled his approbation, and was pleased to say, he thought I should make an agreeable companion.

Highly displeased at his favorable opinion

nion of your *Clara*, she turned to me, and, with an indignant frown, enquired, "*Parle vous François ?*" I replied, that I understood but little of that language.— "Then how dare you offer yourself to be about my person ! Where was you born ? You must have had a very vulgar education ! Every body speaks French now ! Go, (continued she) you won't do for me." Mortified and disgusted beyond description, I retired from this lady, who I soon afterwards learnt was the daughter of a sober sedate citizen, educated by her grandmother, in the country, who had taught her a little smattering of French.

My good Mrs. *Allworthy* could not refrain from laughing at the reception I met with ; but begged me to be comforted, and assured me of her friendship—but Mrs. *Goodall* has ordered me to attend her in the drawing-room to make a party at quadrille, whilst she pays a few short visits. On her return I found she was extremely agitated—tears stood trembling in her eyes—I am  
more



more and more convinced she never loved Mr. *Goodall*. She was sacrificed by her parents, from avaricious views, to a man neither duty or obligation can make her love, though he wants neither affection or tenderness for her. How I pity this charming woman, thus struggling with a passion she cannot conquer. But love, like the enwrithed serpent, only compresses the heart more closely for every effort we make to shake it off. As soon as the pool was out I retired to finish the unpleasant task I had undertaken, to oblige my valuable friend. I continued to work at my needle, and was greatly perplexed and uneasy at Mr. *Walpole's* long silence.

I was sitting alone one day, when the sprightly Miss *Hervey* entered the parlour; a young gentleman attended her, whose person was extremely elegant.—“I come, my dear *Clara*, (said she,) to dispel that gloom that has taken possession of a mind naturally lively—give me leave to introduce my friend, Mr. *Mandeville*, he is prepared  
to

to admire you, (the young gentleman gracefully smiled his approbation.) Your *Henry* is inconstant—ungrateful to your love.—For I am informed, by a gentleman lately returned from India, that Mr. *Walpole* is on the point of being married to a very beautiful woman—an only child—her fortune twenty thousand pounds.—Did not *Colonel Ekwood* say so? (continued she, addressing herself to the gentleman—he bowed) therefore forget him, my amiable friend—for your own sake forget him—and bestow your affections on a worthier object.”—Struggling with my emotions in vain at this address, a silent gush of anguish filled an interval that lasted a few moments.—“Charming Miss *Lennox*! (said Mr. *Mandeville*,) How I honour—how I admire your sweet sensibility—permit me to sooth your sorrows.—My heart and fortune are at your service.”—Both which I refused, with a glowing countenance—but grateful acknowledgments.—He asked my permission to wait on me again.—  
 They

They soon after took leave of me—Miss *Hervey* apparently disappointed.

The next day I was invited to her aunt's, where Mr. *Mandeville* again took an opportunity to declare his passion, with all the eloquence of love.—I assured him of my resolution to remain single. Soon after I heard he set off for Dublin. At this period my good Mrs. *Allworthy*, who had been like a parent to me, was seized with a fever, and in seven days expired, without a groan, blessing your *Clara*. On her death-bed she fervently recommended her soul to that Being who had guided and supported her through life.—This essential duty finished—  
 “Dear Miss *Lennon*, (said the dying saint,) you are now launching into a world of temptations to vice, which approach you under the borrowed fascinating form of pleasure.—Guard with unceasing vigilance your honour and your fame—exult not in the pride of your own virtue—nor triumph over the wretched fallen of your sex, should chance, at any time, throw them in your way.



way.—Continue to be good and innocent yourself—but pity and lament the misery of those who have forfeited that inestimable jewel.—Excuse this advice from a dying friend—Almighty Father blefs my dear Miss *Lennox*.”—And, in a moment, ghastly death sealed up her lips for ever.—Tears rolled down my cheeks for the loss of my worthy friend.—She had been accustomed to the manners of a gentlewoman; but, nevertheless, she preferred the society of uncultivated poverty, to the unfeeling affluence of her relations.—I soon found I had caught the fever, and was obliged to remove to the house of Mrs. *Miser*, a relation of my deceased friend, but quite an opposite character from her’s. By this artful and unfeeling woman, I was treated with every disrespect. My fever increasing by the report of *Henry*’s marriage, when Miss *H.* to convince me of the truth, brought with her a gentleman from India, who I soon found to be the same I had seen with the city lady, when I offered myself as an humble friend

friend and companion. I was soon after confined to my bed, insensible of my wretched situation, without one kind friend to comfort my bleeding heart.—I was now without money or friends, and at additional expences; and hourly insulted by Mrs. *Miser* for the money I owed her for my board. I wrote to my friend *Harriet*, and received the following answer.

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“ Miss HERVEY to Miss LENNOX.

“ MY DEAR CLARA,

“ MY heart is distressed to the highest degree, at the painful situation I leave you in; and that it is not in my power to send you any cash, being solely dependent on my aunt. Oh! my amiable friend, what a fate is your's?—But I have no time at present either for condolence or advice. I shall set off for Scotland in a few hours, and shall write to you from thence. *Colonel Elwood*,  
who

who you saw with me, admires and greatly feels for you: he has a noble fortune, and a generous heart, and he will endeavour to soften your sorrows in my absence. Adieu, my dear friend; and believe whatever pain I have had the misfortune to give your generous heart, your happiness is as dear to me as that of

“Your affectionate

—“HARRIET HERVEY.”

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I ENDEAVOURED to arrange my scattered thoughts after perusing her letter, but vain was the attempt.—How often did I condemn myself for leaving my father's hospitable roof!—and hoped my sorrows, my miseries and penitence, would expiate the crime.—I then wrote to Lady P. and informed her of my unhappy situation. She was leaving England; but, with her usual goodness, she assisted me, which kept my landlady quiet for a few days.

As



As I sat up in bed one day, weak and trembling, supported by the servant, who was giving me a draught, Mrs. Miser entered the room, with *Colonel Elwood*, who I found lodged now in the house. "The noble *Colonel*, (said she, introducing him,) has come to offer you his purse and protection; consider your forlorn distressed situation—he will discharge my bill, and protect you on condition that you accept his proposals—but if you refuse it Madam, it shall be worse for you."—"Good Heaven! (cried I,) was there ever so insolent a wretch!—Leave me or I shall not be able to command my temper!"—How grieved was I at that moment for my good Mrs. *Allworthy*!—On his approaching my bed, and declaring his passion for me, my weak agitated spirits quite forsook me, and I fainted in the arms of the servant; who assured me on recovering, that he left the room immediately; but he offered to pay the debt if I would receive his visits. This faithful servant, who was an innocent country girl, assured me how much she was disposed

disposed to be my friend, and promised to watch the *Colonel's* motions, and those of her mistress. After taking a little white-wine whey, I fell into a sweet sleep, and waked the next morning much refreshed. By the assistance of this honest girl I arose, and endeavoured to sit up in an easy-chair. When my doctor entered the room, I acquainted him with the visit I had received from my new lover, and my apprehensions. “ Despise his addresses, Madam, (said the Doctor,) and shun his visits, if you wish to be happy. I have heard his character; he sports with tenderness; he trifles with sensibility; and pays adoration to all women, but loves only himself—protestations and perfidy are familiar to him.—At that moment the *Colonel* entered the room, and politely offered me his carriage to take me an airing, which I refused, with cold civility, and retired to my room, on the Doctor's leaving me. I wrote to my dear sister, but I suppose she never received the letter.

Early the next morning, on a sheriff's officer

officer approaching me, I again fainted; but, by the assistance of a little hartshorn, I was revived to experience a new scene of misery. I was arrested, and, with a heart torn with anguish, carried to the place allotted for me. We passed over Westminster Bridge. The *Colonel* stopped the coach, and again offered me his protection and purse. "Go, Sir, (said I, with indignation, and a look that would have petrified any other man,) learn to respect virtue—let her paths be ever so thorny they lead to peace—we separate for ever."—I had been but a few days in confinement, before I had brought my mind to submit with patience and resignation to whatever trials were ordained for me.

As I was sitting one day contemplating my unhappy fate, my heart, over-charged with tender melancholy, gave rise to the following lines:

Heedless of life's tempest'ous gale,  
My slender bark with hope set sail,



On smooth untroubled seas;  
 Some happy island to explore,  
 And rest secure on that blest shore,  
 Which promis'd health and ease.

Awhile the winds propitious blew,  
 And brought me to a distant view,  
 Where the wish'd treasure lay;

But future mischief to foretel,  
 A cloud appeared, my joy to quell,  
 And damp youth's genial ray.

Trembling I saw the coming storm,  
 Whilst hope, with mild benignant form,  
 Forbid me to despair.

Encouraged by my pilot, I  
 Did each intruding fear defy,  
 And gave a truce to care.

But, ah! in fate's voluminous works,  
 Where unforeseen misfortune lurks,

My page of blis was cross'd:  
 Omnipotence the word had given,  
 My feeble bark on rocks was driven,  
 And hope for ever lost!

To melancholy since resign'd,  
 No friend to sooth my troubl'd mind,

All pleasures I forego:  
 I drink affliction's bitter draught,  
 With every human evil fraught,  
 In nothing rich but woe.

Just as I had finished this little poetry the worthy Doctor entered my room. "I am sorry, Madam, (said this good man, with a starting tear) that distressed circumstances, and the cruelty of your enemies, have driven you to this dismal abode. I would willingly disengage you from your unfortunate situation, but capital losses, and a large family, put it out of my power. Never let the virtuous, however, despond; they are the peculiar care of Providence. I have mentioned your defenceless situation to a patient of mine, a young gentleman of the strictest honor, and most benevolent heart. Hope every thing from his goodness."—These blessed tidings kindled a gleam of joy in my breast and cheered my drooping spirits.

Two days I waited in the most anxious suspense; the third I was seized with a violent return of my fever, which confined me to my bed. My worthy Doctor was sent for, who immediately bled me, but my life was considered in great danger. As he was sitting by my bed-side, a strange voice recalled

my receding senses. I lifted my dim eyes towards Heaven, with grateful acknowledgments, on seeing a reverend Clergyman humbly kneeling by my bed, and soothing me with the happiest prospects. “ Dear Madam, (said this heavenly messenger) be comforted ; you will soon be restored to liberty, and I hope to health. I have waited on you, by the desire of a young gentleman, to whom your good Doctor has represented your unhappy situation ; he has desired me to enquire into the debt—to discharge it—and take you away ; but, as your health will not, I fear, suffer you to be moved for a day or two, permit me to beg your acceptance of a small sum in the interim ;” laying a few guineas on the table. “ I will discharge the debt, (continued he) and acquaint your young benefactor with your present state of health ; he is prepared to esteem and respect you, from the amiable character *Doctor Robinson* has given of you—He has ordered an apartment to be taken for you in a respectable house, where you will



will be taken the utmost care of. Trust to the Almighty, (added he, in a soothing voice) He will never forsake you. I will call on you to-morrow, dear Madam.—— What think you, Doctor, will Miss *Lennon* be able to remove so soon?"—"We will see what we can do," replied he, My reverend friend assured me he would bring a coach the next day, if I could bear the fatigue of a short journey.

This worthy man fulfilled his promise at the appointed time, conducted me to the lodgings prepared for me, and introduced me to my young deliverer, who received me with the most gracious benignity. He took my hand, and, gracefully leading me to a chair, "You seem agitated, Miss *Lennon*;" (said he) pray dispel your fears; your worthy Doctor has prepared me to respect you; and his description of your conduct and sufferings has excited the strongest emotions of compassion in my breast." He then ordered me some refreshment, and retired with the Clergyman, having assured me that his

sister would provide a proper situation for me.

Prepared by a mental calm for the happiest repose, sleep asserted a claim to those hours fear and anxiety had long possessed. When I awoke from this refreshing sleep, I was most agreeably surprized to find my young benefactor leaning on my chair, and surveying me with a look of the softest pity. To find him thus tenderly officious about me, diffused the most grateful sensations through my soul. Near him stood a young lady, who ran over my features and person with so keen a scrutiny as convinced me that sensibility was not her characteristic — but she was the sister of my friend — She advised me to go into the country, till she could hear of an asylum for me; and assured me of her friendship; adding, that her brother was on the eve of marriage, with a young and beautiful lady, who might offer me an asylum.

The next day the Reverend Mr. Brooks called on me, and proposed my going into Shropshire with him, assuring me of his tenderest

dearest friendship, and fatherly care. To this proposal I cheerfully acceded, and parted from my benefactor with tears of the most unfeigned gratitude.

At the end of our journey Mr. *Brook* presented me with a beautiful pocket-book, from my young deliverer, in which were enclosed a bank-note and his picture, which Mr. *Fielding* had desired him not to give me till our arrival in Shropshire; this instance of delicate and refined humanity endeared my benefactor still more to my grateful heart. My conductor informed me, he was of a noble and ancient family; and that a treaty of marriage was on foot, between him and the lovely *Lady Angelina Meanwell*.—When we arrived at Brook-house, Mrs. *Brook* was feeding her doves at the door, with all that serenity of mind that an happy country life in general produces. I found myself extremely weak and fatigued, but the genial air of Shropshire soon restored me to better health; and with my young companion, the gentle *Anna*, I spent many happy



days ; frequently rambling by the delightful river Severn, and amusing ourselves with our guitars under a large willow-tree.

It happened on one of those days, as *Colonel Lavington* and his charming consort, with *Miss Howe*, were passing by, that their horses took fright. On hearing the screams of the ladies I flew to their assistance, and by the help of a smelling-bottle, revived *Mrs. Lavington*, whilst *Anna* contrived to bring some water from a neighbouring stream, that glided by, to *Miss Howe*, who was extremely frightened. The *Colonel*, who had a slight acquaintance with the Reverend *Mr. Brook*, invited us to sweet *Ely-grove*—happy day, that brought me acquainted with the most united family in the world.—*Mrs. L.* insisted on my spending some time with them, and my friendship hourly increased for the amiable *Louisa*, whose kind partiality, and obliging attention to my health, convinced me of the excellence of her heart.

When I had been a few days at *Ely-grove*, I met with an agreeable addition to my circle  
of

of friends, by the arrival of Mr. *Wilding*. A walk was proposed to Brook-house, which was at the distance of a few miles, on the bank of a river. This little lodge is almost encircled with woods, which, forming a grand amphitheatre, swept down to the water's edge, and was bounded with romantic walks. Mr. *Brook* flew to receive us. The rural pipe and tabor were placed, at *Anna's* request, under the shade of her beloved willow-tree—the merry notes of music sounded, and the mountains answered to their strains. Miss *Brook* produced her favourite lute, which had afforded me such exquisite delight on my first arrival at the lodge, the chords of which Mrs. *Lavington's* light hand skilfully touched, and drew forth notes of tender sweetness.

Lost in attention to this pleasing employ, we had not observed an elegant youth, who, with folded arms, was leaning against a willow, listening to the music. At length Miss *Howe*, directing her eyes towards the spot, exclaimed, in a tone of surprize, “Oh,

what a noble figure !” The youth advanced with a smile at this little eulogium, but how great was my surprize at discovering him to be my generous benefactor ! Immediately on entering the circle, he fixed his eyes on my inanimate countenance, and with a respectful tenderness enquired after my health. Alas ! my friend, the most forcible expressions are inadequate to describe the powerful emotions that took possession of my soul. Suffice it to observe, that the united efforts of joy, gratitude and surprize, had nearly overpowered my weak frame. At Mr. *Fielding’s* request I drank a glass of wine, which, aided by the tender attention of my kind friends, in some degree restored me to myself.

I leant on *Anna’s* arm, and we all returned to the house, after some conversation with Mr. *Brook*, who disapproved of my young friend returning with us to Ely Grove ; and hinted at the impropriety of indulging a tender friendship for your *Clara*, as he was on the eve of marriage with the lovely *Lady Angelina*.



*Angelina.* This unjust reproof offended my benefactor. "My heart is not so impenetrable (said he) as to have withheld its first offering of sympathy for suffering excellence like her's. The seeds of susceptibility that nature has sown in my heart, her sorrows might have matured into a tender friendship, as you are pleased to call it, had I not been so sensible of the beauty and angelic goodness of *Lady A.* whom I adore, though I am not insensible to merit in distress." This altercation caused a considerable degree of uneasiness in my mind.

I took the earliest opportunity, after our arrival at Ely-grove, to thank my generous benefactor for the pocket-book and its contents, assuring him that the remembrance of his goodness should ever be engraved on my heart. He graciously bowed, and said—"The man, Miss *Lennox*, whose heart is alive to every dictate of humanity, stays not till he is asked to do a favor, but eagerly seeks out opportunities to render service to mankind."—I then assured him I could no

longer suffer myself to be dependent on his bounty, as my health would now permit me to be useful to some lady, as a companion or governess.

“Perhaps you may want money, till you meet an asylum of that kind, (said he, presenting me his purse) let me beg your acceptance of this last token, perhaps, of my friendship!”—A flood of tears was all the reply I could make.—“Dear Miss *Lennox*, do not weep,” cried he, whilst his fine eyes glistened. “How shall I return this goodness, Sir?”—“By never mentioning it.”—Let me beg, (continued he) it may be buried in oblivion.” He then took a hasty leave of me, and, mounting his horse, rode towards Brook-house.

I sat down under a hedge, while the violet and the lily of the valley perfumed the air, and reminded me of these beautiful lines: “These as they change, *Almighty Father*, these are but the varied works of *God*—the rolling year is full of thee—Forth in the blooming spring thy beauty walks,  
thy

thy tenderness, and love—Wide flush the fields—The softening air is balm—Echo the mountains round—the forest smiles—and every sense and every heart is joy. As I sat musing on the works of nature, my heart tuned to softness, Miss *Howe* approached me with a smile, and said—“Do you know that gentleman that has just left us, Miss *Lennox*? He is a handsome fellow, and has a military air. Tell me honestly, *Clara*, is he one of your swains?—“How can you suppose a lover of mine should be here?—Indeed, (said I,) he is not, Miss *Howe*, he is a friend, I was sensibly touched.”—“I ask your pardon, (said she, drolly,) but your indisposition, on his arrival, first put it in my head—You are, at this minute, *Clara*, an exceeding fine model for a statue of tender melancholy.”—Finding she continued her raillery, I proposed joining the company, when I saw Mr. *Wilding* hastening to me, with a letter in his hand. On breaking the seal I found it to be from the worthy Mr. *Brook*. I hurried to my chamber,



ber, as it required an immediate answer, and was extremely affected at perusing the following lines.

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“ The Rev. Mr. BROOK to Miss LENNOX.

*Brook House.*

“ I HOPE, my dear daughter, (for such I must call you,) you will not be hurt at the apprehension and anxiety I feel on your account.—Your agitation of mind at seeing your generous benefactor, alarmed me—You could not speak—but your silence more eloquently explained it.—I saw the rising blush—the extreme joy, though concealed under a gauche veil.—Oh love!—Exquisite delusion!—Captivating error—cherish not so dangerous a weakness!—Resolve, by a courageous effort, to avoid another interview.—Let not, my dear Miss *Lennox*, an over-sense of gratitude be your fault—a vile Platonic system be your ruin.—I will give you a short description of the Lady *Angelina*, his intended bride: She is about my daughter’s size, and

to

to a form that unites the strictest symmetry, adds the wild unvariable graces of glowing health; She has stolen too, that penetrating and fascinating smile I so much admired in her mother: Her voice is no less sweet in speaking than in singing, that in the first she softens the soul.—Shake off then, my dear *Clara*, your growing partiality for your generous friend; profit by the sad example in my daughter, of a passion imprudently indulged.—You will think this advice impertinent perhaps, but I must rest upon the goodness of my intentions to plead my excuse. Follow the bearer as soon as you can, and command the best services of that friend, who wishes your happiness may be eternal.

“ W. BROOK.”

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“ Miss LENNOX to the Rev. Mr. BROOK.

*Ely Grove.*

“ IT is impossible to describe, my dear Sir, the pain your friendly letter has given me. Permit me to assure you of my prudence, and

and Mr. *Fielding's* honour.—I feel no other sentiment for my noble, my generous benefactor, than a grateful esteem.—Is it not possible, my good Sir, for friendship to subsist between the two sexes, when founded on honour and gratitude?—Were the cruel hint you are pleased to give me just, you would be the first friend in the world I would tell it to. I hope, however, it is possible to esteem merit without offending the most sacred of all engagements.—I acknowledge I felt a joy—a grateful joy—I would not have you, my good Sir, to suppose, from a single trait of caution in his conduct, that his mind harboured, under a mask of friendly benevolence, sentiments he would blush to avow!—No; Mr. *Fielding's* soul is the soul of honour!—I am quite delighted with the description you have given of Lady *A*. Oh, may no unforeseen event intervene to prevent their mutual happiness.—I will withdraw myself from this part of the world, and visit my beloved sister.—In her faithful bosom I will pour out all my griefs—yet I know not  
 what



what to wish, or do—Think for me, worthy Sir; and suffer my doubting mind, (that knows not which way to direct its hopes,) to be guided by your wisdom, and unerring counsel.—I will be with you to-morrow, till then believe me to be, good Sir,

“Your grateful,

“CLARA LENNOX.”

(*Miss Lennox in continuation.*)

ON my return to the parlour, I found Captain Parker and Miss Howe, throwing flowers at each other, which they had just been gathering, while the amiable Mrs. Lavington was sweetly amusing herself with her lute. Just as I was retiring to bed I was summoned to Brook-House. I found my reverend friend overwhelmed with apprehensions, and anguish of mind; and poor Mrs. Brook lay almost lifeless in bed. On observing me, (who stood weeping by her bed-side,) “I am dying, my dear Miss

*Lennox.*

*Lennox*, (said she, looking mournfully around her,) I had flattered myself with the hope of spending many happy hours with you. Comfort the best of husbands, and the dear *Anna*, who is inconsolable; her life is divided—" She was unable to utter more. I was happy to have it in my power to perform the duties of friendship and gratitude to this worthy family, by soothing their sorrows. I continued some time with them, as *Mr. Brook* had suffered greatly by a severe fit of the gout.

At *Mrs. Lavington's* earnest request I returned to Ely Grove, lest the melancholy scenes around me might oppress my weak spirits. At that period you arrived, my beloved friend; you know what followed—*Brook-Lodge* being then the house of sickness and mourning, prevented you from seeing this delightful retreat.

I hope, whatever errors my wayward fate has led me into, my generous friend will draw a veil over that part of my conduct she disapproves. And now, my dear Ma-  
dam,

dam, with all my follies and imperfections, can you, with unabated kindness, suffer me to sign myself,

Your grateful and affectionate,

CLARA LENNOX?

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### LETTER X.

Mr. FIELDING to the Rev. Mr. BROOK,  
in Shropshire.

I TAKE the earliest opportunity to acquaint my dear friend, that yesterday made me the happiest of men, by uniting me to Lady *Angelina*. I received my sweet bride from the hands of her noble father, as the most precious gift he could bestow. She has convinced me that if beauty is the mother of love, delicacy is its nurse—— My charming bride was dressed in simple lawn, adorned only with her own native charms, for loveliness needs no foreign aid



aid of ornament, and when unadorned is embellished the most.—Never did my charming girl look so lovely as this day; there is a sweet confusion, mixed with tenderness, in her look and manner, that is charming beyond description.

As we rambled in the garden this morning, throwing flowers at each other, I caught a rose, and, by an involuntary impulse, kissed it, and placed it in her bosom. The sweet warbler, in the most enchanting manner, sung

*“No Flower that blows is like this Rose.”*

while a lovely blush glowed on her cheeks. They proposed a dance on the green plot, before the summer-house; my sister, with great vivacity, danced a Highland reel. Thus happy in each other did we spend the delightful hours. The rest of the day was spent in music, and conversation, of which I am a most intolerable monopolizer you know. I love the sweet prattle of the ladies beyond all the sense in the world; not that I would insinuate they have less understanding

ing than we, or are less capable of learning; or even that it is less becoming; on the contrary, all such knowledge as attends to adorn and soften human life, is, in my opinion, peculiarly becoming in women.

Amidst the gaiety of my heart, I sometimes think of the gentle *Clara Lennox*; I feel extremely for her defenceless situation; and wish my fortune was on a larger scale, to enable me to be an unknown friend to her: for well I know her prudence, and delicacy of mind. Do you, my dear Sir, continue to be a father to her; she will ever value and consult you on points of judgment. Fortune, and her wayward fate, however cruel, has left her in possession of peace, innocence, and humility.—Place a woman of education in ever so obscure a situation, you can always discover the gentlewoman, though veiled in the most distressed or plain garb.

The intervening thoughts of leaving my dear *Angelina* so soon, check my present happiness.—In a short time I must join my regiment,

regiment, which is abroad; but I am sure you will be of my opinion, that the man who has competence, virtue, and the woman he loves, will cheerfully obey the laws which secure him these blessings, and the King, under whose mild sway he enjoys it!—I often wish,—ardently wish—for your agreeable company, which would be a pleasing addition to our happiness. But I must now attend the ladies; they complain of my absence; though, in the duties of a husband, I must not forget the claims of friendship, or be less the devoted friend of Mr. Brook.

FIELDING.

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### LETTER XI.

MR. BATEMAN TO CAPT. PARKER.

*Isle of Man.*

I AGAIN resume my pen to thank my dear Parker for his obliging letter from Ely Grove. I am happy to hear my mother is well,



well, and the dear girls. I took the first opportunity to go on shore, and enquire for my dear *Juliet*, I was informed she was at home, and was immediately admitted into the parlour. She was sitting at the harpsichord, and her lover was leaning against her chair, while the lovely warbler, and her fair companion, were entertaining him with that sweet duet,

*“ Hope ! thou Nurse of young Desire.”*

Her fine hair was carelessly dressed, which shaded her lovely forehead; the glow of pleasure was on her cheeks, when I approached her; but, though her reception of me was flattering, yet I will not, my dear Sir, indulge so vain a thought, as I am convinced my heart must suffer the severest agony, at the final disappointment of its tenderest hopes.—I was hurt, and jealous of Mr. *Sullivan's* tender attention to my charmer.—We had a rural ball in the evening, which, I am told, the ladies are fond of. I had the honour to lead off the dance with the sweet *Juliet*. If I had the happiness to be beloved  
by

by her, if she was disengaged—my fortune makes it impossible for me to marry her without reducing her.—I dare not ask myself what I wish or intend.

To-morrow we expect a large party on board our ship; war prevents us dressing our cabins—I am summoned to supper—To-morrow I will acquaint you with the pleasures of the day.

ACCORDING to my promise, I proceed to give you an account of yesterday's excursion. Early we sent our barges on shore for the ladies, who were attended by several officers. After viewing our ships, and regaling ourselves with cold chickens and ham, a little tour was proposed to the rocks, which are most romantically situated. After climbing over several little rocks, which were partly covered with beautiful seaweed, we came to a group, which formed a semicircle, some of them of an amazing height, where grew a great quantity of samphire;

phire, and half way down there was a man gathering it; this is a very dangerous occupation. The fishermen who walked on the beach, appeared like mice from this high rock. It put me in mind of *Shakespeare's King Lear*; it must be certainly here his *Edgar* saw the man gathering samphire, as it grows in great abundance; and is, I am told, the real original samphire.

Gentlemen frequently amuse themselves here with shooting wild pigeons and puffins, which are reckoned good eating. We rambled to collect shells, and sea-weed, a great variety of which is to be found among these rocks. The ocean on one hand, with the ships steering different courses, and the cavern grottos worn in the high cliffs, on the other, contribute to form a scene at once awfully grand, and pleasingly romantic. Under some of these high rocks, the pleasures and advantages of bathing may be enjoyed in so private a manner as not to offend the strictest and most refined delicacy.

At a little distance there appeared a small  
 Vol. I. F glen,



glen, with several pretty cottages, and fishermen's huts, covered with thatch. On seeing a lovely boy at the door of one of the cottages, in a poor dress, *Juliet* sighed—Her benevolent heart urged her to reach the house to relieve this smiling cherub: in endeavouring to assist her my foot slipped, and sprained my ankle. "Good God! Mr. *Bateman*, (cried she,) you are hurt, and I am the unhappy cause."—"Oh Miss *Dear*! (answered I,) if you knew with what pleasure I would dedicate to you not only the present, but the future time allotted me, you would not injure me by apologizing." A deep blush dyed her cheeks—We then entered the cottage, and, after bathing my leg, I looked round, *Juliet's* back was to me, I could not see what she gave, but it was the manner not the gift that sunk deep into my heart—A grateful tear glittered in Mrs. *Shannon's* eye—Her husband was sitting in an affectionate attitude, with his arm round his beautiful daughter, and his wife by his side, with one infant at her breast

breast, and two others sipping milk-pottage at her knees.—She looked, she felt happy—her husband, her children were with her—serenity played on every countenance—content had fixed her habitation there.—Mrs. *Shannon* is above the lower size, and had once been lovely; and even now, tho' pale, is extremely pleasing. The sweet boy ran up to her, and said, "See, Mamma, what the good lady has given me, to buy you tea and sugar with—to make you happy—She smiled, and bowed, but could not speak.—"Will you, Sir, (said the child,) thank Miss *Dear* for me—Mamma can't speak.—What do you cry for, Mamma?"—"They are grateful tears, my dear."—*Juliet* and Mrs. *F*—, who had joined in benevolence, considered the fair speaker with looks not to be defined.

While *Juliet*, and her amiable friend, viewed the glen, I had some conversation with Mr. *Shannon*. I found him to be a sensible intelligent man, but crushed by adversity; yet he assured me he was perfectly

F 2

happy.

happy.—“ My wife, (said Mr. Shannon,) is of a meek and humble spirit. Mr. L—— is a benevolent merchant, and his charitable lady allows us this house to live in, and a slip of ground for a garden, which produces sufficient vegetables for our table. Mrs. Shannon endeavours to keep our little cottage, with as great a degree of neatness and simplicity as she can; and her tender affection, and the kind donations of our worthy benefactors, render my humble state happy.”—What a luxurious repast must the human heart enjoy, my dear Parker, if blest with sensibility, in observing the effects of that benevolence which has rendered so many objects comfortable; a husband in the decline of life, affording him a sheltering harbour, after having, perhaps, weathered many of its calamities and storms. From him I heard the following account of this Island.

“ The Kings of Man, (says he,) for some years were masters of the seas, till in 1263, Alexander II. King of Scotland, subdued



duced this island. From which time it continued tributary to that crown, till it was reduced by *Edward I.* of England. *Edward III.* bestowed it on his favourite, the *Earl of Salisbury*. *Henry* gave it first to the *Northumberland* family, and then to *Sir John Stanley*, whose posterity, the *Earls of Derby*, enjoyed it till by failure of male heirs, it devolved upon the *Duke of Athol*, who married the sister of the *Earl of Derby*.

A person then resident in this Isle, who is supposed to be the prejudiced author of the History of it, had given information that the Isle swarmed with smugglers. Government taking this into consideration, a treaty was set on foot for the purchase of it by the Crown, which, in 1765, was concluded, in consideration of the trifling sum of 70,000*l.* being paid to the proprietors. In consequence of this purchase, his Majesty has the same rights, power, and prerogatives, as the former owners enjoyed. But the *Duke* still retains his territorial property.

It is situated in *St. George's Channel*,

at an equal distance from England, Scotland, and Ireland.

Their curiosities consist chiefly in ruinous sepulchral inscriptions; which, he assured me, are frequently dug up, together with ancient monuments of brass, daggers, and other weapons, partly of brass and partly of gold.

The fishery is of great advantage to this Isle, as, he assured me, there was great plenty of cod, mackarel, whiting, scate, turbot John Dorey, and shell-fish in abundance:

“And, (added he,) a man can live better here on a hundred a year than on four at Bath or London.” It is of all places calculated for half-pay officers, as they can enjoy all the luxuries of life at a small expence. I am more and more pleased with the people here, and were my fortune ever so great, I would pass a part of every year in this Isle. I took an opportunity to speak to my *Fuliet's* fair companion—I declared my passion for her lovely friend—She assured me she was disengaged: and added, with a smile, “Be on shore to-morrow, my bashful friend

friend, and I will give you an opportunity to declare your passion, in one of the sweetest recesses about Ramsey.

Early the next morning I attended the ladies, who were dressing to accompany a genteel young person to church, who was dependent on the bounty of the hospitable Mr. L——, it being her wedding-day; and, as the wedding was to be kept in the true original style of the Manks peasants, I readily accepted their invitation to accompany them. This worthy man, who is rich in the goodness of his own heart, forgot nothing that could add to the felicity of the bride and bridegroom, by indulging them with the company of his children, and friends, music, &c. we had fiddlers I assure you, for never was there such a race of dancers! They played all the way to church, to my great delight, the scene being quite novel, and rural. After the ceremony was over, I was introduced to the blushing bride, who was veiled in a simple robe,—her best attire.—“Thoughtless of  
F 4 beauty



beauty she was beauty's self."—To avoid the  
 sultry heat we went to walk in a charming  
 recess; and tea and wine were ordered un-  
 der the trees, which, uniting their branches  
 over our heads, formed a canopy, and cast  
 a most refreshing shade. Under our feet  
 lay a carpet of Nature's velvet, grass inter-  
 mingled with moss, and wild flowers. The  
 lovely *Juliet*, and her fair companion, had  
 twined round the trees jessamine in con-  
 junction with woodbine, displaying their  
 artless beauties to the eye, and diffusing  
 their delicious sweets through the air. On  
 either side the boughs rounded into a sort of  
 regular arches, and opened to a view of our  
 ships, and the bay: the white sails, that  
 glided by, made a most beautiful appear-  
 ance, while the eye was delighted to wander  
 over the fine lake—they afforded an ever-  
 moving picture. The little birds, all joyous  
 for the favours of the light, were paying  
 their acknowledgments in a tribute of har-  
 mony; whilst a French-horn from the town  
 sent its melodious accents, softened by the  
 length

length of its passage.—A dance was proposed—In a short time the avenue was incircled with peasants. “Let the good people be welcome, (said the hospitable Mr. L.) they shall all be partakers of our happiness.” He then ordered more wine, and chairs; and, while the rustics were enjoying the dance, I sent for *Juliet’s* guitar, who drew forth tones of sweetness, her voice accompanying the following air:

*Now on moon-light’s Fairy hour.*

*Shall music breathe her dulcet voice,*

*And o’er the waves, with magic power,*

*Call on echo to rejoice.*

The bride and bridegroom, and every cottager, returned to their home, blessing the benevolence of this worthy gentleman, who felt an exalted delight whilst he surveyed the scene of harmony and joy.

I took an opportunity to declare my passion to the gentle *Juliet*, and lamented my constrained circumstances and situation, which prevented me from offering her my hand,

with a heart she had been in possession of from the first moment I had the happiness of seeing her; she heard me with an averted face, and blushing cheeks: I wished her every happiness this world affords with Mr. *Sullivan*, whom jealousy still urged me to believe she loved. How blest will he be, Madam, possessed of beauty, modesty, prudence, and sense!—"Hear me, Mr. *Bateman*, before you judge," cried she, rising with a mild dignity, which gave unspeakable graces to the blushes that every moment visited and retired from her cheeks.—At that moment the Captain summoned me on board. Adieu, adieu, my sweet *Juliet*, sighed forth my distressed soul—To conceal my agony rushed from her; and in a short time was on the beach where our boats waited. What a majestic scene was opened to my view, incomparably grand, and exquisite. The moon like an immense chrystal lamp; the stars like so many thousand golden tapers, fixed in their azure sockets, all pouring their lustre on the spacious



cious bay, glittering on our ships, and gleaming on the rocks and mountains: charmed with the moon-light view I entered the boat.

*Then shin'd the waves, the rocks in prospect rise,  
A flood of glory burst from all the skies;  
The conscious sailors, joying in the fight,  
Ey'd the blue vault, and blest the useful light.*

You see, my dear Sir, I am grown quite a moralizing poet—love taught the clown to speak—why not to think?—As I got on deck, I espied one of our gallant vessels returning successful and victorious. Our little frigate was in a moment under sail, gliding after her with acclamations of honest joy. We received orders to sail immediately for Portsmouth, where I hope to hear from you before you leave Shropshire. Say every thing for me to our friends at Ely grove, and accept the best wishes of,

Your friend,

W. BATEMAN.

## LETTER XII.

Mrs. GOODALL to Mrs. NORMAN, near  
Strebane, Ireland.

*Berkeley Square.*

YOUR obliging letter, my dear friend, which I received this morning, reproved me most severely for not writing to you sooner, to assure you how much I thought myself obliged for your friendship, in recommending Miss Lennox to my protection. I am happy to acknowledge she possesses all the necessary qualities that contribute to form and embellish the understanding. You, my dear Madam, have often told me, that people are seldom situated according to their respective merits; nor is it always in great offices we should seek for real abilities. I respect and sincerely love her, for her affection to my sweet boy. Her attention to my happiness also, merits my best regard. I feel the propriety of her advice and your's: but, though I am sensible of Mr. Goodall's tenderness,

derness, yet I begin to doubt the possibility of his ever making me happy; his good qualities being all of the negative kind—Do not condemn me for this observation—

I am not happy, my dear friend. Mr. *Barrymore* was the first chosen of my heart—our affections were mutual—I was encouraged by my parents to look on him as my destined husband, though afterwards they cruelly forced me into this hated marriage. Am I not then more to be pitied than blamed?—Be not surprized, my beloved friend, should you hear of my elopement. Mr. *Barrymore* is a man of the strictest honor—he will protect me from the censure of the world. There are a thousand amiable women, who would doze away life with Mr. *Goodall* and be happy, which I never can.

I left him reproving poor Miss *Lennon*, for receiving the addresses of Mr. *Mandeville*, a young man whose circumstances he thinks rather doubtful. Miss *Hervey*, her friend, pleads in favor of the young gentleman, who



who, she says, is next heir to a large estate in Ireland, and of an amiable character; and as Miss *Lennox*, she continued, is deprived of all hopes of being united to Mr. *Walpole*; (at the sound of that lovely name *Clara* sighed, and a tear dropped on her glowing cheek) her defenceless situation requires a protector, to shield her from the malice of her enemies, who have already begun to asperse her spotless reputation; and, should she lose Mrs. *Goodall's* protection, she might find it difficult to meet with such another asylum. This language, uttered with more than common warmth has induced me to suspect that Miss *Harvey*, under a mask of friendship, conceals a treacherous heart.

*Clara* then turned to me, and with a faltering voice cried, "Oh, my dear benefactress, advise, direct my wayward mind, that knows not which way to direct itself, or how to act! The inconstant, the once-loved *Henry Walpole*, is lost to me for ever. No power on earth could have urged me to marry,  
had

had he remained single;”—here a flood of tears relieved her oppressed heart. I forgot at that moment my own sorrows, to comfort her's.

Just then I saw, from the parlour-window, an elegant youth coming up the steps, who, by *Clara's* blushes, I found to be her swain. He is handsome, his manner easy, and unaffected. I heard him declare it should be the study of his life to deserve her love. *Clara's* bosom seemed agitated with conflicting passions; long did she hesitate between her attachment to her dear *Henry*, and resentment at his forsaking her; but *Mr. Mandeville's* protestations of disinterested love, the vicissitudes she had already experienced, and a fear of being again exposed to a similar situation, overpowered her scruples. She gave a silent, slow consent, and was handed into a chaise, by the enraptured *Mandeville*, before she had time to reflect on the consequences of her precipitation. Sincerely do I wish that reflection may not come too late. *Miss Hervey*, at parting, seemed

seemed to soothe her mind, with elevated prospects of happiness, and repeated assurances of friendship; but, as the Poet elegantly expresses it,

*What is friendship but a borrow'd name?*

*A charm that lulls to sleep?*

*A shade, that follows wealth or fame,*

*But leaves the wretch to weep?*

Mr. Goodall was quite dejected at the thoughts of parting with his favorite *Clara*, and earnestly persuaded her against so precipitate an union; whilst my sweet boy shed tears at parting with his beloved governess. I feel a painful sensation at the shock my elopement must give them in a few days; a step, I hope my amiable friend will view with an indulgent eye.—Farewel, my dear Mrs. Norman; wishing you a continued state of health, and every felicity, I remain,

Sincerely your's,

Laura Goodall.

LETTER



## LETTER XIII.

Mr. WILDING to Sir ROBERT STANLEY.

*Ely Grove.*

I ARRIVED here this morning; and, after dining, and drinking too freely of the *Colonel's* good wine, being impatient to see the sweet *Evelina*, I set off for Woodland-cottage, accompanied by *Captain Parker*. After sending in his name, he was admitted up stairs, being told *Mrs. Bateman* was extremely ill. I was shewn into a parlour, the windows of which were covered with woodbines, which perfumed the room.—Soon after, my friend *Parker* returned, leading in the loveliest girl I ever saw; her fine blue eyes were swimming in tears of apprehension for the health of her aged parent.—Can you not form, my dear *Sir Robert*, an idea of an elegant delicate female, in the bloom of beauty, whose features were marked with the most perfect regularity, while her fine auburn hair, in the most graceful ringlets,

ringlets, embellished a countenance, in which sweetness and sensibility were most charmingly united? If you can form an adequate idea of such a figure you will refrain from wondering that the capture of my heart was the immediate consequence of this introduction.

Miss *Lydia* approached us with a smile—the dispositions of women are generally discoverable by the turn of their features—if this criterion may be relied on in the present instance, Miss *Lydia Bateman* may be pronounced a coquette, who by her over anxiety to display her attractions is frequently deprived of that admiration nature seems to have allotted her, and which the unassuming diffidence of her gentle sister so effectually secures.

The charming Mrs. *Lavington* joined us, and, persuaded *Evelina* to take a turn in the fields, to relieve her oppressed spirits. We all rambled to a rural seat, overshadowed by hawthorn and honeysuckles, where we sat down to enjoy the view of a  
most

most charming landscape. Mrs. L. and Lydia being soon after sent for by Mrs. Bateman, and Captain P. having excused himself for a short time, on urgent business, *Evelina* and I were left by ourselves. I took hold of the sweet girl's hand, and pressed it to my lips with transport, the sudden impulse alarmed her sensibility, and she struggled to rescue it from my grasp; but the palpitation which it occasioned, joined to the situation in which we were, and the fumes of the wines not being dissipated proved a temptation too strong to be resisted. Folding my arms around her I imprinted on her lips an ardent kiss. She started at the liberty, and, like the sensitive plant, which contract its fibres at the smallest appearance of violence, lest the beauty of its aspect should be sullied, or the nicety of its texture discomposed, this coy virgin receded from all indiscreet freedoms, and sprang from me with disdain. A moment's reflection having convinced me of the impropriety of my conduct, I essayed to prevent her flight, saying

“ Oh,



" Oh, my *Ervelina*, forgive your lover, whose life shall be devoted to atone for his misconduct."—" You my lover, Mr. Wilding! (cried she with a frown) *true* love and rudeness are incompatible—a lover would *protect* the honor of the object beloved ;" thus saying she retreated with precipitation, leaving me overwhelmed with confusion. Oh, *Stanley*, I must heal this breach, for the sigh that agitates her breast will agonize that of

CHARLES WILDING.

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#### LETTER XIV.

Mrs. MANDEVILLE to Miss Howe.

*Portland-street.*

**I**N the midst of hurry and joy, I have stolen a few moments for reflection, and my favorite amusement of writing to you ; my dear Miss *Howe* will no doubt be surprized, and, I am willing to believe, pleased, to hear her

her *Clara* is now the happy wife of *Horatio Mandeville*, whose tenderness and affection I have hourly fresh proofs of. After the vicissitudes I have experienced, I would fain flatter myself with prospects of substantial happiness, but an intervening thought of my *Henry* will dart across my mind and damp the ardour of hope! Is it not strange, my amiable friend, that he should withdraw his affections without deigning to assign any reason. His first letter, after his arrival in India, was filled with expressions of the tenderest esteem, and repeated assurances of constancy—I cannot doubt the friendship of Miss *Hervey*, nor the integrity of her heart—surely I have not been too rash—but into what an inextricable labyrinth am I wandering?—the bare possibility makes me shudder!—But let me recollect that I am now the wife of another, and that duty, honour, gratitude, all combine to render farther thoughts of him improper; yes, my amiable friend I will exterminate him from my heart, though my life become the sacrifice.

sacrifice.—I have entered into a most sacred engagement, and will perform my duty.

My present happiness is rather damped by a letter I have received from my worthy friend Mr. *Brook*, who informs me that the noble and benevolent husband of the charming *Lady Angelina* now lies dangerously ill abroad. You remember seeing him once at Ely-grove, when his elegant figure drew your attention; but his heart, *Louisa*, is an inexhaustible treasure.

I called yesterday in Berkeley-square, to pay my respects to my kind friends, Mr. and Mrs. *Goodall*. I found my dear benefactress had eloped with Mr. *Barrymore*, and poor Mr. G. quite inconsolable. With a voice agitated by different passions, he gently reproved me for my hasty marriage, but insisted on my dining with him, and with repeated offers of friendship assured me he had my interest sincerely at heart. His infant son ran up to me, his little heart almost broke with crying for his dear mamma. I endeavoured to compose the sweet cherub  
by



by every means in my power, in which I happily succeeded. The attitude he was in induced me to attempt his picture, I took out my pencil and had the good fortune to take a striking likeness. I have enclosed it to you; you cannot copy a more beautiful model.

I hope you will make *Captain P.* happy before he sails, as I hear he is so well recovered from the severe fit of the gout which confined him on shore; he deserves you, amiable as you are, though you sometimes play cruelly with his tenderness. I have often been astonished that a person of your amiable disposition can delight in tormenting a heart that adores you: assure him of my best wishes. That every happiness may attend my friend, and all belonging to her, is the ardent wish of,

Her grateful and affectionate,

CLARA MANDEVILLE.

LETTER

## LETTER XV.

MR. BARRYMORE TO LORD BELMONT,

*St. James's-street.*

I HAVE just received your Lordship's letter, and am sorry to hear of the little accident that confines you at present to the house. I met with a pleasing adventure as I rode out yesterday to Chelsea.—I saw the lovely Mrs. Goodall hurrying across a field to her carriage. I had not seen her since our interview in Kensington-gardens, which had given her so much pain. Fixing my eyes on her graceful form, and at the same time catching her hand, as she endeavoured to pass me,—“Do not imagine, most beloved of women (said I) that time or circumstances can obliterate the smallest trace of affection for my *Laura* from my breast; no, the cruel disappointment we have experienced has only tended to encrease that hopeless passion which death alone can cure.”

She

She sighed—we then reached the stile.—I assisted her to get over. “Farewel, Mr. *Barrymore*! (said she, with a faltering voice.) I will not trespass on your kindness farther; I have no fears; I see my servant.”—I still held her trembling hand inclosed in mine, which she endeavoured to disengage; adding softly, “Mr. *Goodall* waits for me in the carriage; I will remember your attention as the kindness of a brother—of a brother, my Lord.”—At that moment I forgot myself, and, in an instant, would have forced her away had she not, with streaming eyes, cried—“Good God! Mr. *Barrymore*, Let me go—Consider I am a wife.”—“Promise me then, my charmer, to meet me to-morrow, in Grosvenor Place”—I assured her of my honour, and protection—and that it was for our mutual happiness—and, soothing her with the voice of love, prevailed on her to meet me next day.

Your Lordship may judge of my impatience till the happy moment arrives that will unite two hearts long devoted to each



other. I waited some time, with great impatience, in Grosvenor Place, for the treasure of my soul, my dear *Laura*, like the miser that steals in secret to his gold, and counts, with trembling joy, and jealous transports, the shining heaps, which he still fears to loose.—At length she appeared. “Let us fly *Barrymore*! (said she,) I dread my husband’s resentment.—Oh Love!—all powerful Love!—to what rash steps do you drive your votaries?”—I did all in my power to calm her fears, handed her into the carriage; and, after a pleasant journey, arrived safe in Yorkshire.

I hear Mr. *Goodall*, highly enraged, is in pursuit of the fugitives, and her parents threaten the severest resentment. Oh, why did they sacrifice the young and innocent girl, from mercenary views, after encouraging my addresses?—The only quality to which parents attend now, is that of fortune; whereas a resemblance of age, temper, personal attractions, and sentiments, are the only taste of tender friendship, without

out which no union deserves the sacred name of marriage. The very modesty of women makes against their happiness in this point, by giving them a kind of bashful fear of objecting to such persons as their parents recommend to them.

I hope Mr. G. will sue for a divorce ; as in that case I will immediately marry her— Never shall she have reason to repent the confidence she has reposed in me. We propose setting off for Switzerland in a short time. I have written your Lordship a long letter, which I fear will afford you little entertainment. My dear *Laura* joins me in best wishes for your recovery. The honor of your company in our retirement would reconcile us to the censure of the world, and add to the happiness of,

Your Lordship's obliged friend,

EDWARD BARRYMORE.

LETTER XVI.

Mr. WILDING to Sir Robert Stanley.

*Ely Grove.*

I AROSE, my dear *Stanley*, the morning after the date of my last letter, with a violent head-ache. The idea of having offended the delicacy of my *Evelina* prevented me from sleep. I flew to her on the wings of love, to apologize for my misconduct, and with the utmost trepidation entered the room where she was.

I found the dear girl alone, adorning a flower-pot. An angry frown overspread her countenance on my approach, and she attempted to quit the room, but I caught hold of her gown, and throwing myself on my knees, pleaded with the most persuasive eloquence love could dictate. "Hear me, dear girl, (said I) and say you forgive me; I am not such a rake as designedly to offend such angelic purity. I adore you for that delicacy which is the most amiable  
charac-



characteristic of the sex, and could I flatter myself with your pardon of this single instance of indiscretion, my life should be devoted to your happiness; say then, my dear *Evelina*, that I have not offended beyond forgiveness; my life—my fortune is at your service, it is not large, but if you, my dear girl, will consent to share it with me, it will make me the most happy of men."

I took her hand and pressed it to my lips, which she did not attempt to withdraw, while I again assured her that the happiness of my life depended on her. With an enchanting smile she pronounced my forgiveness; and informed me, with a gentle sigh, that she had no fortune, but was totally dependent on the bounty of her grandmother. This instance of candour and ingenuous simplicity rivetted her still further in my esteem. I then ventured to salute her, and conducted her to the foot of the stairs, blushing like a new-blown rose.

I wandered up the avenue, musing on my future happiness. I endeavoured to give a

new turn to my thoughts, but in vain, they involuntarily recurred to the sweet orphan. Lost in reflections on this delectable subject, I had nearly reached the end of the avenue, when I was informed by a servant that my company was requested in Mrs. *Bateman's* dressing-room.

I found this venerable lady sitting with her head reclined on *Evelina's* shoulder, whose expressive eyes informed me that she had communicated the result of our conversation. This worthy woman, with an aspect in which serenity and benignity were most happily united, signified her approbation, and invited me in the most gracious manner to repeat my visits as often as convenient.

And now, my dear friend, as my fortune is on too narrow a scale to permit my continuing my present connections, when married to this dear portionless girl, I shall bid a final adieu to London; and from the description I have received of the Isle of Man, where I am told the soil is fertile, the air  
salubrious,

salubrious, provisions cheap, the country delightfully pleasant, and the inhabitants sociable, I know not a place I would prefer to settle in. With these advantages I can enjoy every comfort and convenience of life, and when blest with the company of the charming *Evelina*, shall bid adieu to the fascinating allurements of the gay metropolis without the smallest regret. I have already proposed this plan to my charmer, who cordially approved thereof, being enamoured with the sweets of a country life; and the lovely *Lydia* assured me she would accompany her twin sister to any part of the world. As soon, therefore, as the ceremony is performed I shall set off for that island, purchase a small estate, and fix my permanent residence there. Mrs. *Bateman* has promised us a visit next year, and the charming Mrs. *Lavington* will reconcile herself to the loss of her amiable young friends, by a constant correspondence. I shall set off for London to-morrow, and, as soon as my affairs are settled, will return to Wood-



land Cottage, where our marriage will be kept. My heart acknowledges the obligation of her having consented to trust the happiness or misery of her future life in my hands.

Your's sincerely,

CHARLES WILDING.

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LETTER XVII.

Mrs. NORMAN to Mrs. MANDEVILLE,  
in Portland Place.

**W**HAT apology can I make, my dear *Clara*, for my long silence? which severe illness has occasioned, and prevented me thanking you sooner for your obliging packet. I was greatly affected with many parts of your history, and can make great allowance for your inexperience at the early period you left your parents; and the light in which you viewed a marriage where there was no affection on your side, or the least similarity of  
of

of sentiment, or disposition. Many young creatures are drove into errors, if not prostitution, by being sacrificed by their parents from avaricious views. Some part of your conduct has been undutiful, tho' innocent. I could say much on the subject, but am now to congratulate you on your marriage, which Mrs. *Goodall* has informed me of: may you long live happy in Mr. *Mandeville's* affections; but do not imitate those of our sex, who, by an ill temper, make a husband pay dear for his fidelity and affection. Let virtue in you, my dear *Clara*, be dressed in smiles, and be assured, that cheerfulness is the native garb of innocence; in one word, do not lose the mistress in a wife, but let your behaviour to him as a husband, be such as you would have thought likely to attract him as a lover.

I hear Mr. *Goodall* is suing for a divorce. I hope Mr. *Barrymore* will marry her, otherwise she must suffer in the opinion of the world. Adieu! my dear Mrs. *Mandeville*:

G. 5

may

may your future days be happier than the former, prays

Your sincere friend,

ARABELLA NORMAN.

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LETTER XVIII.

Miss HOWE to Mrs. MANDEVILLE.

*Ely Grove.*

A THOUSAND thanks to my sweet suffering friend for her welcome letter. How long did every hour appear to me since I last had the pleasure of hearing from you; but I will try to rein in the overflowings of my delighted heart, to congratulate you on your happy marriage. Long, my dear *Clara*, may you be happy; but what a fly thing was you not to tell your *Louisa* that you had even a lover—Now it is my pride to let my sex know my power over the men. I generally have two or three dangles in my train; they are a useful set of creatures  
at



at times. You sentimental women have not half the pleasure that we coquettes have; though, with all your sanctified looks, *Clara*, you have a dash of it in your nature. I suppose you have been one of the refined ones. The melancholy accounts from the seat of war, obliges *Colonel Lavington* to be in London in a few days. He takes my sister with him. Oh that my mother would let me accompany them!—I shall break my heart to see them depart without me!—I am sure I shall never have such another opportunity of seeing London; and, indeed, their domestic happiness is so great, that it is natural for me to wish to partake of it.

I am certain this good-for-nothing *Captain P.* who has been here for some time, has spoke to my mother, who is very partial to him; and the honest man prides himself not a little in her approbation and consent; but I am determined now not to have him. The gout still prevents him from serving his King and country; he is to attend us into Yorkshire.

I will carry on a flirtation with *Colonel T.* for I am determined to amuse myself some way or other, since they will not let me see my dear *Clara*. *Captain P.* and I have had a terrible quarrel. We were at a ball last night, given to the ladies of the village, and provoked with my mother and him that they would not let me accompany my sister to London, I, in revenge, flirted all day with *Colonel T.* who is at present in the neighbourhood. I played off all my airs and graces. Roused at my behaviour, and inattention, he offered his hand to an elegant stranger, who is the toast of all the men; and lately come to reside here. He redoubled his attention to his partner whenever they approached me. This provoked me beyond bearing, as it gave the company reason to think I was flighted—You may be sure I retaliated—We have not spoke to-day—He is quite in the dumps—So he may be—I can pout as well as he—Write to me, dear *Clara*, and comfort the heart of

Your LOUISA:

LETTER

## LETTER XIX.

The Rev. Mr. BROOK to COLONEL LAVINGTON, in the West Indies.

DEAR SIR,

AGREEABLE to my promise, I take the earliest opportunity to acquaint you that I arrived here about a month since. I found my worthy friend, Mr. *Fielding*, in a dangerous way, the surgeons fearing his wounds will be fatal to him, which he got gloriously fighting for his King and Country. My heart grieved for the gentle *Angelina*, whose suppressed anguish of mind, and close attention to the duties of a wife, I fear, will be too acute for her tender frame. Her youth, beauty, and innocence, charms away the dull hours devoted to an invalid. She dedicates her whole time to the cares of nursing, and the pleasures of entertaining him. The medicines he takes are made more palatable when administered by the hands of his affectionate wife—If disposed for harmonic sounds she draws them from her guitar. His fever



fever increasing confines him to his chamber.

He said to her one day, with languid looks, "Your tender attention, my dear *Angelina*, charms me; but I see, whilst you are thus affectionately employed, that I am destroying a life far dearer to me than my own."—He then saluted her with great tenderness, whilst a manly tear stole down his pale cheek: then folding his infant daughter in his arms, who sighed, her little soul crying, "Papa, you will not leave us!"—"To you, my worthy friend, (cried he, in a faltering voice,) I bequeath these treasures of my heart; do you protect and guide their trembling steps to England, nor leave them till you place them in the arms of *Lady Meanwell*: these dreadful dangerous times require your utmost care, marked by the threatened fate of a good and virtuous King, torn from a throne which long with every virtue he adorned!"—These scenes of distress overwhelmed the breast of his mournful lady. She clasped the infant to her breast, and, with

with an impetuous tide of sorrow, hung over the languishing bed, most tenderly solicitous to prolong a life important and desirable. Her hand trembling under direful apprehensions, wiped the cold dew from the livid cheek of my dying friend.

"I leave you, my *Angelina*, (cried he,) under a weight of cares; but the great and gracious God, who defendeth the cause of the widow, will never forsake you! Let this support the wife of my bosom—(then softly added,) be kind, my friend, to poor Miss *Lennox*. Oh that I could snatch her from the situation fate has placed her in!—Assure her, those who do only that which is right endure nothing in misfortune but a trial of their virtues, and, from trials well endured, derive the surest way to heaven.—Farewel, my friends!" added he, fixing his dying eyes on his weeping lady, and expired without one convulsive struggle. The placid smile of true benevolence dwelt on his features after life had ceased to animate my ever-honoured friend.

My

My attention was suddenly roused to the fair and unfortunate widow, who, with eyes overflowing with tears, was feebly straining her infant to her bosom, praying the Almighty to bestow on her every blessing. Oh powerful nature! (cried she,) how do I worship all thy ordinances?"—"No fate, my friend, (continued she,) can be wrought up to such a happiness but some interwoven sorrow chastens us with the sad sense of our imperfections."—I desired her to leave this melancholy apartment; and, taking her trembling hand led her out of the room; her eager eyes gazing unwearied on the remains of the loved partner of her soul, even till they ached with fondness. I hastened to prepare for our journey; and in a short time quitted the spot where the happiness of my dear friend withered.

"Oh! let us fly this fatal place, my kind protector! (said she.) And may Heaven guide us safe to England!"—"Fear not, Madam, (replied I,) your innocence will be your guard—some pitying angel will attend  
your



your steps, guide you unseen, and charm the sleeping foe."—but what pen can describe the horrors of my mind when we were taken captives, a sad—a silent tear stole down her cheek, when she considered our unfortunate situation, and the untimely fate of the good King, and his unhappy family: "Alas! the scene of death is closed—the mournful strains dissolve in dying languor on the ear; yet pity weeps, and sympathy complains."

Had you seen the lovely mourner at this melancholy account, clasping her infant to her breast—Farewel!—A long farewell! sighed forth her oppressed soul—"Oh most beloved! (cried she,) whatever fate Heaven shall appoint thy unhappy widow, humbly let her obey the God that has hitherto preserved her!"—A shower of tears then relieved her. I endeavoured by every soothing expression, to calm the sorrows of her mind. "Let us, my friend, (continued she) enjoy the sweetness of the hour, that blest air we are allowed to partake of as prisoners of war." Just then a dawn of hope revived  
our

our drooping spirits, by the welcome tidings of *Lord Meanwell's* intended journey. My obligations are great to Mrs. *Lavington*, for her kind attention to my *Anna*, which will gratefully be acknowledged on my return to England; which I most earnestly pray may be soon; in that pleasing hope I will subscribe myself,

Dear Sir, your's,

BROOK:

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## LETTER XX.

MISS HERVEY TO COLONEL ELWOOD.

WERE are you? or, what are you about? my dear *Colonel*. Leave your *H*.—I am impatient to see you—I have received another letter from the charming *Walpole*—a cold inanimate one—in return for the tender epistle I sent him. He laments the imprudence and inconstancy of his loved *Clara*: and assures me, time only can erase her image from

from his heart. That heart must be mine—I love—I adore the insensible *Henry*!—I believe I could part with that dear liberty I have so much prized—and with all my lovers besides—to dwindle into that dull animal, called a wife, for his sake.—He has been nobly supported some years in India, by an indulgent uncle, who is lately dead, and left him a large fortune; which circumstance, and a bad state of health, will, I hope, induce him to return to England:

He once doated on that dull sentimental thing *Clara Lennox*, now *Mandeville*—thanks to my contrivance that she is so—and for ever debarred from being the wife of the elegant *Henry*. No, *Elwood*; that title is designed for your friend *Harriet*, who will shine with superior dignity and lustre, through our well-planned schemes. She believes him married. The idea of being slighted by the man she adored, urged her to accept the hand of young *Mandeville*, who I persuaded into love. So far I have succeeded to my wishes; therefore, my dear  
*Colonel,*



Colonel, be cautious what you say to this hated rival when you see her; for I have prevented her from seeing *Walpole's* letters. You have now a golden opportunity, *Horatio* is in want of money; an unlucky hit of the dice has cost him a few hundreds—His *Desdemona* must not know it—Profit by this hint, and believe me,

Sincerely your's,

HARRIET HERVEY.

### LETTER XXI.

LORD BELMONT to Mr. BARRYMORE.

DEAR BARRYMORE,

**I** SINCERELY give you joy in your present happiness, which I intend myself the pleasure of partaking of in a few days. My concern for the lovely *Lady Angelina Fielding*, has added to my present complaint, and prevented me from seeing you sooner. Oh,

Ned!

*Ned!* this dear object of my fondest wishes is now a widow, and imprisoned—the sweet *Angelina*—I would have flown to rescue this amiable sufferer, but that happiness was allotted the brave *Lord Meanwell*. I have long been a secret admirer of her beauty and innocence, even in her childish years.

On my return to England, I found a treaty of marriage on foot between her and her now lamented *Fielding*. Honour! forbid me declaring myself to her then, and I endeavoured to conquer my fruitless passion. Fortune now favours my wishes, and, soothed by distant prospects, I live in hopes to call the sweet *Angelina*, *Lady Belmont*. You wrong me, my dear *Barrymore*, to suppose I had any design on the pretty *Maria*, whom fate had thrown in our way at the inn. The *Colonel*, on the departure of her friend and you, eyed the beautiful girl as a famished lion roving abroad for food; seizing one of her hands, he prest it with ecstasy to his breast, and swore she should be his that night. Like a feeble lamb, trembling beneath

neath a lion's paw, she screamed, and disengaging herself from his embrace, like a frightened bird, flew to my arms, intreating my protection from the rude and boisterous man. Oh the glorious power to shelter innocence is surely, *Ned*, the best sympathy, the purest joy nature intends for the heart of man!

The wine and brandy he had drank, made him eloquent; he kneeled—he pleaded his passion—while the lovely girl, with a glowing countenance, resented the liberties he had attempted with a becoming dignity. But brandy felt not the power of offended innocence. With a sweet blush she assured me of her gratitude for rescuing her from a man who had pursued her from place to place: at the same time I thought I saw a tenderness in her eyes that betrayed a dawn of affection for this destroyer of female innocence.

The chaise being ready I handed her in, and away it drove. High words ensued between the *Colonel* and myself for interfering.

Much



Much I fear he is planning her intended ruin. I greatly condemn myself for not protecting the poor girl till she found an asylum in the arms of her father, to whom, she said, she was going. Adieu, *Ned*, I am so out of conceit with myself, that I hardly think I am worthy to subscribe myself,

Your Friend,

BELMONT.

## LETTER XXII.

CAPT. PARKER to Mr. BATEMAN.

*Ely Grove.*

A RELAPSE of the gout, my dear *Bateman*, has prevented me, from meeting you at Portsmouth, agreeable to my intentions. I have spent some weeks at Bath since my return from Yorkshire, and find myself so much better as to hope in a short time to serve again my country, though I shall part with

with my dear friends at Ely-grove with regret. In vain have I tried to persuade the charming *Louisa* to consent to our union; she replied, with her usual liveliness, that she had caught the flame of my heroic ardor—“ When I see you (said she) crowned with laurels, and followed by applauding multitudes, then will I be your’s, and your virtues shall justify my choice.”—“ Then have I another incentive to valor, (answered I) an honest ambition to serve my country has hitherto been my prevailing stimulus; but since your heart is to be the high reward, even danger itself will have charms.”—“ Go then, my gallant sailor, (said she smiling) and may Heaven, with all its angels guard you from the foe.” Company then coming in, I took my leave, mounted my horse, and rode to Woodland-cottage.

I have the pleasure to inform you that the sweet *Evelina* is on the point of being married to my friend *Wilding*, who proposes residing in your favorite island, and has written to a friend there to purchase a small estate

estate for him. They are prepared to admire your *Juliet*, in whose company they propose to spend many happy hours. Farewel, my dear *Bateman*, the hour is late.— That success may attend you, is the sincere wish of,

Your sincere Friend,

THOMAS PARKER.

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### LETTER XXIII.

Mrs. MANDEVILLE to Miss HOWE.

ALAS, my dear *Louisa*! I fear my imaginary schemes of happiness are at an end; my heart forbodes some dire distress; but I will not anticipate misfortunes, but hasten to give you an account of what alarms my fears. Miss *Hervey* called on me yesterday, and intreated me to accompany her to Drury-lane theatre, to see Mr. *Sheridan's* excellent comedy of the *School for Scandal*.

VOL. I.

H

My



My dear *Horatio*, ever ready to promote my happiness, and to give me pleasure, joined in the request, and assured me he would be with us at eight o'clock ; I the more readily consented, as he informed me that the royal warrior and his amiable consort were to grace the theatre with their presence, being desirous of paying my humble tribute of admiration whenever their public appearance gives me an opportunity to see them.

I was struck with the glowing picture of conjugal love which presented itself ! how happy the prospects, where two hearts are united by love and similarity of sentiments ! Her tender attentions are not confined to any particular circle, but extend themselves in a generous concern for the advantage of the universal race of mankind. To those within her more immediate pale her affability and condescension are peculiarly striking. How amiable appears her attention to her lovely attendant *Lady Anne F—y*, whose heart is susceptible of the softest emotions.—

Often

Often has her eyes been seen melting in tears of sensibility, and her heart throbbing with woe, at scenes in which pity alone gave her a share. Illustrious pair !, may your happiness equal your merits ; and may your bright example spread throughout the nation till the sons and daughters of Britannia be proud to emulate your virtues !

—But I have rambled from the subject—

I waited with impatience for Mr. *Mandeville's* appearance, and was much surprized to see *Colonel Elwood* enter the box instead of him. He bowed respectfully to me, which I returned with cold indifference. I expressed my concern for my *Horatio's* absence to Miss *Hervey*, who endeavoured to divert my attention from him but to no purpose ; he alone engrossed my thoughts.—

She then began to rally me on my foolish fears, while the *Colonel*, with a laugh, assured me, Mr. *M.* was extremely happy, for he had left him in company with a very beautiful woman ; and I think, my dear

Madam, you ought to retaliate for his inat-

tention, at this early period of his happiness to so lovely a creature. Disgusted with the grossness of his flattery, and incensed at his insinuations of Mr. M's inconstancy, I turned from him with a mixture of indignation and contempt; before I had time to conquer these emotions, my attention was alarmed by *Harriet's* imprudent coquetry, which she displayed in so conspicuous a manner as to attract the attention of all around us.

After the play was over, she insisted on seeing me home, attended by her lover, as I really began to think the *Colonel* was. He reinforced her arguments, by assuring me he was going out of town, and had some previous business, of an indispenfible nature, to transact with *Horatio*.

Just as we sat down to supper Miss *Hervey* was summoned home, her aunt being suddenly taken ill. As the servant attended her, she insisted on the *Colonel* bearing me company; this I highly disapproved of, not choosing to trust myself, without a third person,



person, in the company of a man, whose principles dear bought experience had taught me to detest; but my objections were over-ruled.

We were no sooner alone than, folding his arms round me, "Now my charmer, (says he) you have a glorious opportunity of making me the happiest of men."—"Unhand me, Sir; (cried I) let me go; you are extremely rude!"—"Rude, Madam!" said he, offering to put his hand in my bosom. "Yes, Sir; insolent!" and, bursting into tears, assured him Mr. *Mandeville* should hear of his behaviour. He then let go, my hand, and, falling on his knees, "Oh, forgive me, Madam! but think not I fear your husband's resentment; he is more in my power than you imagine. I love—I adore you—for this resistance—it enhances your value.—Make me happy to-night, and I will extricate your *Horatio* from the difficulties and embarrassments in which he is now involved." My heart sunk within me at the sound of these words, and I struggled

to withdraw my hand, which he had again forcibly seized, when he exclaimed with vehemence—"You shall—you must—bless me this night;"—at the same time forcibly saluting me. I then endeavoured to reach the door, but he caught hold of my gown, and was proceeding to greater liberties, when my *Horatio* entered the room.

A furious altercation ensued between them, which filled my soul with horror, and at length I fell prostrate on the floor. On recovering, I found myself in bed, and my husband leaning over me with looks of anguish. He endeavoured to soothe and dispel the fears that tortured my wounded heart, and produced a slow fever, which was considerably increased by perceiving that the tumult in his own mind was far from being suppressed. He then recommended a composing draught, and left me to repose.

When I awoke, my husband, with every endearing mark of tenderness, re-assured me of his unabated love, and unlimited confidence

dence in my prudence. He then saluted me with the greatest affection, and, having urgent business to settle, desired me not to wait dinner for him, and he would send *Harriet Hervey* to keep me company. Just

then a servant brought him a letter, which required an immediate answer. He appeared extremely agitated on perusing it—sighed deeply, and hurried out of the room.

It has often been observed, my dear *Louisa*, that the hours we pass with happy prospects in view, are more pleasing than those crowned with fruition; of the truth of this observation, I have had abundant experience.

A loud knocking at the door pronounces visitors—*Miss Hervey*, I suppose—I hear her voice—Adieu! adieu! my beloved friend, pity and do justice to,

Your affectionate,

CLARA MANDEVILLE.

When I awoke, my husband, with every endearing mark of tenderness, reassured me of his unabated love, and unlimited confidence.



## LETTER XXIV.

Mrs. FORTESCUE to Mrs. MANDEVILLE.

MY dear *Clara* can better imagine than I describe, the joy I felt on perusing her long expected letter.—What a series of misfortunes have you experienced, dear unfortunate sister! How many years did your long silence cost me! How often did I wish for the power to offer you an asylum, but the malicious stories circulated by your secret enemies had so prejudiced the mind of *Captain Fortescue* against you, that my most strenuous efforts were ineffectual. I hope, however, that *Mandeville's* affectionate behaviour and easy circumstances will compensate your past sufferings, and render the residue of your life one unruffled scene of bliss.

It grieves me to interrupt your present happiness with the melancholy account of  
the

the recent death of our beloved mother. The dear saint, on her death-bed, called me to her, "*Matilda*, my child, (said she) I am dying—see justice done to your sister *Clara*. But, should it please God to recover me from this disorder, I will atone for the unkindness with which I have treated her, to the best of my abilities."—I rejoiced to hear that her resentment was conquered by affection and humanity.—"I tremble for the welfare of my child (added she) and cannot die in peace till my doubts of her conduct are removed." I then informed her who were your secret enemies; and that every one doubted the reports, from the unfullied innocence of your youth. She then uttered some pious ejaculations, devoutly imploring that those blessings which had been so abundantly showered on herself, might be continued to her children, and expired without one convulsive struggle.

My dejected spirits will not suffer me to add more than that *Major Colville* called here yesterday, and enquired respectfully after

H 5

you.

you. He had just received a letter from Mr. *Walpole*, who laments your inconstancy. He is still single, and proposes visiting England next year. Oh, my dear sister, how have you been deceived in Miss *Hervy*! Much do I fear you have cherished a snake in your bosom.

My little ones join me in praying that the Almighty may guide and protect you, and give you resignation to his Divine will in every occurrence of life. I remain, with unalterable regard,

Your affectionate sister,

**MATILDA.**

### LETTER XXV.

Mr. WILDING to CAPTAIN PARKER.

*Grosvenor Place.*

**AGREEABLE** to my promise, dear *Parker*, I took the first opportunity to call



on Mrs. *Mandeville* after my arrival, and was told she was at home, but indisposed, having just heard of the death of her parent. When I entered the room she had a letter in her hand, on which her attention was so closely fixed, that she did not perceive me for some time. On advancing towards her with Miss *Howe's* letter, a flood of tears burst from her eyes. Distress, you know, my dear *Parker*, has something in it unspeakably lovely, and I know of no object so well calculated to excite the powers of sympathy as a weeping beauty. I waited till the violence of her transports had in some degree subsided, before I endeavoured to console her. I then used every soothing argument which friendship could suggest, and concluded by assuring her that if any temporary derangement of circumstances aggravated her affliction, she might freely command my services.

She hesitated, and with a faltering voice said, I thank you, Mr. *Wilding*, but I hope Mr. *Mandeville's* circumstances are not so

distressed as is imagined. It is his absence, and my apprehensions on his account, joined to the contents of this letter, that now overwhelms me with grief. Oh, my ever lamented parent, had I been present to sooth your dying pillow, and to receive your forgiveness and maternal blessing, it would have afforded me inexpressible consolation." Here a flood of tears relieved her oppressed spirits. She enquired respectfully after all her friends at Ely-grove, and expressed the highest sense of gratitude for the friendship they had honored her with. A thousand kind things she said of your *Louisa*, and congratulated me upon my approaching happiness. Tell my sweet *Evelina* I am impatient to see her. Say every thing for me to our friends at Ely-grove and Woodland-cottage. I shall be with them in a few days, till then, believe me to be, dear *Parker*,

Your's sincerely,

CHARLES WILDING.

LETTER

LETTER XXVI.

Mr. Brook to Colonel Lavington.

*France.*

**C**ONVINCED, my dear Sir, by fatal experience, of the uncertainty of human happiness, I endeavour to reconcile myself to my present unhappy situation, which draw tears in abundance from the sweet widow. "Oh, my reverend friend! (cried she,) the bright forms of love and ambition are vanished, leaving no image for my fancy to rest on but content." Then collecting her wild afflicted thoughts, and raising them in prayer, a blest composure overcame the agitations of her mind. The dear unconscious partner of her fate, with many innocent smiles, revived her drooping spirits; and, devoted to these sweet pledges of her love, she sought in them to loose the sense of every care.

My soul sighed for the sweet peace we once enjoyed, and with anxious looks waited for our liberty. At last the long-expected hour



hour arrived—the gates—the doors flew open—and the noble *Lord Mearwell* appeared.

You, my dear Sir, can better imagine than I describe the scene of tender joy that followed. “My brother! my brave deliverer!”—sighed forth the sweet mourner, and fainted in his arms. He could not speak—but pressed his cheek to her’s—when she revived, their tears mingled. This amiable brother could no longer support the idea that his beloved sister was obscurely pining away in confinement, while yet in the flower of her youth. Regardless of his own safety he flew to rescue the oppressed widow—The claims of nature and friendship he here nobly displayed—He seized my offered hand, and exclaimed, “Welcome to my heart! thou worthy friend!—The companion of *Angelina’s* widowed hours!—And the sincere friend of her lamented *Fielding*.”

When he informed his sorrowful sister that *Lady Mearwell* waited to receive her, with the impatience of a fond mother, her heart

heart expanded with affection—it bounded in the happy state of her own hope—a sense of safety and gratitude diffused through her soul.

We soon arrived at the vessel, and seating ourselves on deck, every hope was suspended—The gentle breezes, on the white sails, made the vessel scud with a smooth and pleasant motion, till we landed.—Sweet *Lady Angelina* then lifted her eyes devoutly to that rising orb which seems no less to give light to the mind than the creation, and called on the pleasing prospect of the future to counteract the horrible impressions of the past scenes. Restored again to peaceful society, her heart acknowledged the charm—the simple charm of liberty.—And springing forward, over-leaped every intervening obstacle between her and *Lady Meanwell*; the best of mothers, whose arms were open to receive her; and on whose bosom she let fall the sweetest drops that joy unutterable ever called to aid its expression. The fable hue of her dress went to the soul of her friends.

friends. It was some moments before her sensations would suffer her to articulate, and even then the power of speech was preceded by a shower of tears. She returned the civilities of her friends with grateful acknowledgments, and compliments and condolence flowed from every tongue.

At their earnest request she attended her friends to the seat of elegance, where she met the gracious eye of the best of women. When benevolence, which shot its beams from her countenance, re-assured her of future favour, her noble heart felt the sweetest sensations of grateful respect, blended with love and admiration; and here only her beauty and modesty could be eclipsed. Beauteous blossoms of a court, by your presence rendered the brightest in the known world by the graces of your lovely forms, and the innate virtues of your soul, the eye of majesty glistered at the sight of a young and beautiful widow restored to liberty and her country.

Amidst



Amidst the smiles of pure delight, of exquisite sensations, a silent tear stole down her lovely cheek—the tear of virtue that sweetens grief to rapture.—Her doors were thronged with visitors; but, in these scenes of ceremony and friendship, she neglected not her friends, nor were the claims of distress forgotten, or the real ideas of the duties of humanity.

I shall take leave of *Lady Angelina Fielding*, and her worthy family to-morrow. And as soon as I have seen the unfortunate Mrs. *Mandeville*, whose marriage has proved so fatal to her peace, I shall set off for Ely Grove; where in the arms of paternal love, my *Anna* shall ever find an asylum.

To you, worthy Sir, and your amiable consort, I beg my fervent acknowledgments for your kind attention to her in my absence. I ought to have congratulated you before on the birth of a daughter; may no unpleasant event intervene, my dear Sir, to lessen your joy, but every laudable wish

of your heart meet with the success your merit deserves: thus prays,

Your sincere friend,

W. BROOK.

## LETTER XXVII.

CAPT. PARKER to Mr. BATEMAN.

*Shropshire.*

I HAVE the pleasure to inform my dear Bateman, that yesterday united, for ever, *Charles Wilding and Evelina Bateman*. After the ceremony we returned to Woodland Cottage, where the marriage was kept, and the day passed with an easy tranquillity, a thousand times more delightful than pomp and noisy rejoicing.

Mrs. Bateman looked like a fine ruin; a heart-felt smile glowed on her face, mild as the setting sun on a summer's eve; and was thankful to that Providence which had raised

her

her

her from a sick-bed, to see her darling *Evelina* happily married to a man of merit; and talking of the dear hope of future happiness with them on the Isle of Man, in the utmost harmony. They will set off for that island in a few days: we shall see them depart with regret. They propose visiting your *Juliet*, in whose friendship they promise themselves much happiness.

My friend *Wilding* has wrote to a gentleman there, to purchase a convenient house, with a garden, and park adjoining to it. I leave this group of dear friends next week, not able to prevail on the charming *Louisa* to consent to my happiness before I sail. With her usual saucy liveliness she assured me, I must do more for my King and country before she would wear the nuptial chains. “When you return home (said she) crowned with palm and laurels, then will I be your’s; nor shall the loss of an eye, or a leg, induce me to break my promise; but my heart could not receive any joy whilst my *Clara* is unhappy.” Enfolding  
her



her in my arms, I stole a kiss to seal her promise.

To-morrow the dear girl sets off for Yorkshire. I shall accompany her part of the way. On my return I shall proceed on my journey to Portsmouth, and join the fleet. Fate seems every way now to guard our safety ; that succeeding days may prove more successful, is the sincere wish of

Your friend,

PARKER.

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### LETTER XXVIII.

Miss Howe to Mrs. MANDEVILLE.

*Ely Grove.*

**Y**OUR letter, dear Mrs. Mandeville, is happily calculated to awaken the softer passions: it drew forth tears in abundance from your friends at Ely Grove, which relieved my throbbing heart for your alarming

ing situation. Excuse me, my dear, but I have formed a contemptible opinion of your friend Miss *Hervey*, who can prefer the company of such a libertine as *Colonel Elwood*; whose morals, though totally unprincipled, yet so *a-la-mode* that he is sought after and admired, and is what the weak part of our sex call, *the charming villain*.

He was some time in Shropshire, and was seen in company with a very beautiful girl, who, I fear, is not his wife, though she appeared in that character, at an inn where Mr. *Wilding* stopped for refreshment; he and his lovely bride, the gentle *Evelina*, spent a day with us at Ely Grove: but a more interesting subject now engrosses my thoughts. Ah! my dear *Clara*, the gallant *Parker* has just left me—God of love preserve those whom no lust of glory leads to arms!—How did his generous heart sympathize with my unhappy friend.

Soon after I received your letter, *Anna Brook* and I stole down the avenue to lament your unhappy fate, he and my sister  
joined

joined us. "I come, my dear *Louisa*, (said he,) once more to offer you a heart long devoted to you, the present times calls me abroad, will you bless me with your hand and consent to our union to-morrow? I must leave you in a few days." The thought glowed on my cheeks—"Impossible, (cried I, my voice faltering,) I cannot think of happiness whilst my dear *Clara* is wretched." He bowed obedience, and looked surprized.

*Thoughtful he walk'd, and speedily he sails,  
Waft him ye seas, and prosper him ye gales.*

"Oh, my *Louisa*! (cried he) if I succeed—if, did I say, I must—I will—the cause is love—is glory—is *Louisa*.—What then shall hinder our mutual bliss if you but gently smile on your *Parker*? Inspiring valour, and presaging conquests against those barbarous foes to peace and love shall soon be chased, and all be calm again. Then taking my passive hand, he led me through the groves, where,



where, with conscious blushes, I heard again his vows; and strove to hide, yet more revealed, my heart.

I write these few lines at the inn, whilst the horses are changing. I hope to be in Yorkshire to-night. Write to me immediately, my beloved *Clara*, and tell me you are happier, to ease the heart of,

Your affectionate,

LOUISA HOWE.

## LETTER XXIX.

The Rev. Mr. BROOK to COLONEL  
LAVINGTON.

DEAR SIR,

*London.*

CAN there be any thing more painful to a friendly mind than the necessity of communicating melancholy intelligence? which I am sure will affect the heart of my kind friends at Ely Grove.

After

After parting with the sweet *Lady A.* and her family, I hastened to see my adopted daughter, Mrs. *Mandeville*. On enquiring for her, I was told by the servant, (whose countenance was the index to the tragic scene that followed,) that she was at home, but much indisposed, and unfit for company. I sent up my name, and was immediately admitted; but never did my eyes behold a more interesting object. She was in deep mourning, kneeling by the side of a sofa, on which lay her unhappy husband dangerously wounded, while she was tenderly employed in wiping the cold dews of death from his pale face. Then lifting up her eyes towards me, "Oh, my dear father, and worthy friend! (cried she, feebly,) you are again come, like my guardian angel, to comfort my desponding mind, and pray for my beloved *Horatio*." No pen can describe my grief and astonishment on enquiring into the cause of this distressful scene. Recollection almost suffocated the unhappy *Mandeville*—the cold sweat standing on his brow

brow—his wounds bleeding afresh—“ Fly for the surgeon!” said the affrighted *Clara*, who had just left him to dress *Colonel Elwood*.

“ Be not alarmed, my beloved *Clara*, I know I am dying, (said the expiring *Horatio*) all human aid is ineffectual: but, oh! my amiable wife, must I indeed leave you—and in distressed circumstances—in that alone have I deceived you—I am indebted to *Colonel Elwood* for a large sum, which his base designs, and my ill fortune, has involved me in.” Here a flood of tears relieved the agony of *Clara*’s mind.

The surgeon at that moment entered the room, with Miss *Hervey*; who, in tears, earnestly intreated the dying *Mandeville* to acquit her friend from any design on his life. “ He now lies dangerously ill, (said she,) you are under obligations to him for the sums of money he has lent you; how greatly would it distress poor Mrs. *Mandeville*, should he or his friends be induced to enforce the payment thereof; besides,

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you know, my dear Sir, you first wounded him; he only drew in his own defence." The poor expiring *Horatio* hesitated a moment, then, in the presence of us all, acquitted him of any designs on his life, but declared he had provoked him to the rash deed.

The doctor finding it necessary to dress his wounds, we retired to another room. I led the speechless *Clara*, who looked like patience on a monument. I was soon after summoned to the sick room, where the dying *Horatio* joined fervently in prayer; then, recommending his soul to the *Almighty*, in a low faltering voice, called for his beloved *Clara*, and, fixing his dying eyes on the poor mourner, expired praying for blessings on her, who, from the agitations of her mind, with a deep sigh fell to the ground, lost in anguish, and insensibility: in which state she was carried to the next room, where, with the help of a little hartshorn, this unfortunate widow opened her languid eyes; and, resting her head on my bosom

bosom, lay some time in a state of apparent insensibility, tho' she recollected hearing *Horatio's* last words, and her unhappy widowed state. I endeavoured to sooth her with happier prospects. "Alas! they are vanished, (said she, struggling with her emotions,) peace, like a frightened dove, has winged her flight to distant hills. Oh, could I bring the lovely wanderer back!— Oh, my dear friend! (continued she, the tears streaming down her cheeks,) the grief I am in, for my dear *Horatio's* death, had I no other cause for the anguish that will soon put a period to my existence; but what is still of more importance, that of being at peace with myself." She wept.

How my heart bled, dear *Colonel*, for her sufferings! and I honoured her sweet sensibility. "You see, Sir, (said Miss *Hervey*,) the fatal consequences of love and jealousy, and the impropriety of receiving the visits of so gay a man as the *Colonel*, which has been the death of my lamented friend; and, to his wife, added disgrace to sorrow."

While this harangue continued, the dear unfortunate widow observed a profound silence, not deigning to honour her with a single glance. The open and generous disposition of Mr. *Mandeville*, and an unhappy propensity to gaming, drew him into the *Colonel's* power, who availed himself of that foible, and, by his paltry arts, improved it to his own advantage, by lending him sums of money to gamble with, being in general lucky; and to draw his gratitude, and lull his fears from having any designs on her honour by his pretended friendship, he thought his power would be more extensive, and give him more frequent opportunities to see his wife, and pursue his base designs on her unsuspecting and innocent heart.

When I acquainted this unfortunate widow with the recent death of my lamented friend Mr. *Fielding*, and his kind remembrance of her in his dying moments. "Oh, my worthy benefactor! (exclaimed she, with an involuntary burst of grief,) Where slept the power that could have preserved thy life  
a little



a little longer, and rewarded the beneficence of thy spirit with felicity as inexhaustible as the benevolence of thy heart. Surely my misery is now complete, deprived as I am of an affectionate husband and most benevolent friend!" I endeavoured to soothe her by every consolatory argument which reason and religion could suggest; at length, with a deep sigh, she replied, "I am convinced my good friend, of the beneficence of your intentions in thus furnishing me with arguments against despair; but the magnitude of my distress almost overpowers my fortitude; nevertheless I will endeavour to resign myself to the dispensations of that Almighty Power who, I trust, will protect me in this hour of bitter adversity."

Miss *Hervey* then approached us, and, as if conscious she had wronged her, endeavoured to vindicate her conduct, re-assured her of the sincerity of her friendship, and, shedding a few tears, said, she would willingly share her trifling subsistence with her esteemed friend, then apologized for the

shortness of her visit, and departed to enquire after the *Colonel's* health.

The unfortunate *Clara* then arose, and intreated me to accompany her to the room where the remains of her beloved *Horatio* were deposited. She gazed on his inanimate form for some time in speechless agony; at length a flood of tears relieved her oppressed bosom, and she gave vent to her feelings in language that would have melted the most obdurate heart. At length I prevailed on her to withdraw from the melancholy scene, and take some repose.

I find *Mandeville's* circumstances are left in a very embarrassed state. Such pecuniary assistance as the contracted state of my finances will admit, shall be at her service, as soon as the first transports of her grief have subsided, and time has enabled her to inspect the state of her affairs.

When this business is settled I will endeavour to prevail on her to visit Brook-house. In that peaceful solitude, it will be the delight of my *Anna* to administer consolation

tion by every means in her power ; this, joined to the tenderness and affection I am confident she will experience at your hospitable mansion, will, I hope, calm the perturbation of her spirits, and restore peace to her disordered mind. As my presence is indispensibly necessary at my cure, I shall set out in a few days, but will not quit her till the funeral obsequies are solemnized, when I hope her agitated spirits will be more composed.

I have just received a card of invitation from Miss *Hervey*, having something of consequence to communicate—This visit she desires may be concealed from Mrs. *Mandeville*. My curiosity is strongly excited to discover the purport of this mysterious visit. Farewel, my dear Sir, I hope to be able to bring better tidings in person, in a few days, till then, believe me to be,

Your obliged Friend,

BROOKE.



LETTER XXX.

LORD BELMONT to EDWARD BARRY-  
MORE, Esq.

DEAR NED.

I ARRIVED in town yesterday, and was tempted to go to the opera at night; the house was extremely crowded, but my attention was irresistibly attracted by the entrance of *Lady Angelina* into the next box. Her extreme modesty, unaffected dignity, and enchanting beauty, overshadowed with a soft and pensive melancholy, attracted the eyes and excited the admiration of all around her. Her lovely bosom, the seat of innocence and virtue, whose least excellence is to rival the purest snow, though possessing a thousand charms of its own, had not disdained to borrow an additional one from a rose-bud and lily of the valley, which she had placed with ineffable grace, and whose delightful fragrance shed a rich perfume around

around, and exhilarated my languishing spirits.

I paid my obeisance to her which a palpitating heart, in return to which she honoured me with an enchanting smile, that elevated my hopes and riveted those fetters with which her amiable qualities had long captivated my heart.—Thus encouraged, I took an opportunity to congratulate her on her arrival in England; at which she sighed, and her sparkling eyes, whose brilliance outshone the diamond, were moistened with a tear.

I will, as soon as the delicacy of her situation will permit, make her an offer of a heart long and sincerely attached to her numerous excellencies. I was a secret admirer of her even in her childish years. On my return to England I heard she was engaged to the worthy and much-lamented *Fielding*, when I thought myself bound in honor to withhold any pretensions to her; but, this obstacle being removed, vanity suggests that assiduity and perseverance may

I 5

ultimately

ultimately bless me with this inestimable jewel, and make me the happiest of mortals.—Visitors compel me to conclude this tedious epistle, which I hope you will receive before you set off for Switzerland. Assure Mrs. *Barrymore* of my best wishes, and believe me,

Sincerely your's,

BELMONT.

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### LETTER XXXI.

MISS HERVEY to COLONEL ELWOOD.

**H**OW happy am I, my dear *Colonel*, to find by your Surgeon, that you are out of danger. I would have called on you, agreeable to your request, but my mind is all terror and confusion. The death of poor *Mandeville* has disappointed all my fondest hopes, and, I fear, my well-concerted schemes are totally frustrated.—Perdition catch



catch her, she may yet be *Walpole's*—Anything but that I could have borne—it is only in your power now to prevent it. *Horatio* was indebted some hundreds to you, which I am sure it is not in her power now to pay. Change your mode of address; as soon as your health will permit, pay her a visit of condolence; touch and soften her heart by a respectful kindness. Her virtue may be undermined by attention and generosity, but will never be conquered by the open attacks which often succeed with other women. Her fall is now the only chance I have of succeeding with the elegant *Walpole*; accomplish it, and you have my eternal gratitude.

Her cold behaviour, at our last interview, alarmed my fears. Surely she has no idea of his being unmarried, or of his intention to visit England; if she has I am totally undone. I think I have sufficiently poisoned the mind of her best friend—her good father as she calls him.—He will doubtless convey his sentiments to that chit, Miss *Howe*,

whose lofty pretensions to superior discretion will induce her to withdraw her protection; her friends at Ely-grove will doubtless follow her example, and by thus reducing her to distress, effectually promote our scheme.

But, would you believe it, my dear *Colonel*, amidst the happiness I enjoy from an anticipation of the successful issue of our plan, some qualms of conscience—some uneasy reflections—will at times intrude, and veil the shining prospect with a gloomy cloud of regret. Yes, *Elwood*, when I reflect on her many amiable qualities, both mental and personal, and the friendship which has long subsisted between us, the sincerity of which on her part is indubitable, I confess my mind misgives me, and I am almost ready to desist. But when, on the other hand I consider the triumph I shall enjoy in gaining the charming, the accomplished *Walpole*, all these considerations pass away like a shadow; my mind is fortified against every attack of conscience, and steeled against every admonition and reproof. In a word, love and jealousy

joufy have confpired to drive every other paffion from my breast, and have left no room for the fuggestions of confcience, or the dictates of prudence. Let me know by the fervant how you find yourself, and haften to the affiftance of

Your fincere friend,

HARRIET HERVEY.

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### LETTER XXXII.

Miss BATEMAN to Miss Howe.

*Wilding Park, Ifle of Man.*

AGREEABLE to my promife I take the earlieft opportunity to acquaint my dear Miss *Howe* that the travellers, after a pleafant journey, in which they met with no difagreeable occurence to retard their progreff, arrived here in fafety. We fpent a day at Whitehaven, a large, well-built, and populous town in Cumberland, 205 miles from



from London. It is seated chiefly in a plain or valley, between two steep hills, and appears to have been formerly a creek of the sea. After viewing the town and circumjacent country, which is extremely pleasant and well-cultivated, we embarked, and after a delightful passage of four hours arrived at this island. The day being remarkably fine, exhibited the scenes on the coast to great advantage, and gave us a happy idea of the luxuriant state of the country.

We landed at Douglas, and were received in the most polite manner, by a number of very elegant young fellows, who were walking on the parade, but, seeing us on the deck, flew to escort us on shore. Mr. *Wilding* being quite enraptured with his bride, left your poor friend to the care of an officer, whose heart I think I have already touched. You know my power, *Louisa*, when I exert myself.

There were several ladies walking on the pier, who were introduced to us by Mr. *Wilding's* friend; they welcomed us to the island

island with an earnestness and politeness which gave us a pleasing prospect of the happiness we had reason to expect.

After taking some refreshment, which was served up in a stile of elegant simplicity, we set off for the Park which Mr. *W.* has purchased. The house is commodious, and conveniently adapted for family use; the grounds are spacious and tastefully displayed; the gardens are stocked with a regular succession of articles, both for useful and ornamental purposes; nevertheless *Evelina* has already planned a variety of improvements. You know my sister's taste in this respect, which, though pleasingly elegant yet borders on the romantic. She declares she will make it a paradise of sweets. She has planned delightful arbors, and shady bowers, to be twined round with a mixture of woodbine, jessamine and other odoriferous flowers, and a variety of other decorations, which you would deem me tedious were I to recount,

I can, my dear *Louisa*, from my dressing-room,

room, see turrets, glens, rivers, bridges, and a fine cascade, which, falling from the rocks in a variety of places, runs purling along a bed of the smoothest pebbles, then divides itself into four different channels, and loses itself in the sea.

We dined yesterday at Oatland, a most delightful spot in our neighbourhood. The owners of which are universally esteemed for their elegant hospitality, and unbounded benevolence. The ladies, I think, particularly the married ones, are too reserved; they seem to think it a crime to be too attractive, and appear afraid to please the men.—We have just received cards of invitation to a ball to-night. I must go and consult my glass, for, not having yet become a profelyte to this new doctrine, I intend to make some execution among the beaux. I shall therefore only add, that I am, notwithstanding my giddiness, my dear Miss Howe's sincere Friend,

LYDIA BATEMAN.

LETTER



## LETTER XXXIII.

Mrs. MANDEVILLE to Miss HOWE.

*Portland street.*

I SHOULD ere now have thanked my dear Miss *Howe* for her kind sympathizing letter, but I have lately been so totally lost in grief that I have not had an hour to bestow on one of the most pleasing occupations of my life, in writing to my dear *Louisa*. Would to Heaven you could look into my heart, and see what passes in that troubled tenement; and spare my pen the disagreeable office of acquainting you with the dreadful scenes that followed after the conclusion of my last letter. I make no doubt but the worthy Mr. *Brook*, has acquainted you, and my highly esteemed friends at Ely Grove, with my unfortunate widowed state. I know I need not, if I could, paint the anguish of a mind overwhelmed with such accumulated sorrows, that still pour on my feeling heart, "like some proud river that has left its banks,

banks, nor ever knew repulse." A loud knock at the door pronounces unwelcome visitors.

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Miss *Hervey* approached me with her crocodile tears, and seemingly appeared to condole with me on my wretched state, and again assured me of her friendship, that she imagined my *Horatio* in happier circumstances, or she would by no means have persuaded me into so close an union. That *Colonel Elwood*, filled with remorse for his former conduct, begged her to assure me of his penitence, and friendship; and that he would by no means seek to distress me, by the demand of the money my husband owed him. But my eyes were now open, and a thousand little circumstances crowded on my memory. I arose, my heart revolted from the idea of friendship for a woman whose artful conduct had involved me in such a series of misfortunes; yet I knew not how to forbid a person my house who I once esteemed my friend. Ah! my *Louisa*, what art can wash her tears away? She saw her presence

presence distressed me, and retired apparently chagrined, and disappointed. My agitated heart now requires some repose: Adieu! for the present.

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I WILL now resume my pen, though I have been some hours before I could compose myself enough to attempt to give you an account of the dreadful interview between the *Colonel* and my much lamented husband, who I now recollect with anguish of mind. On my *Horatio's* approaching me, with looks of astonishment and horror, on the man he thought his friend. "Leave the room this moment *Mandeville!* (cried the outrageous *Colonel*, clapping his hand on his sword,) or you shall feel the consequence of my resentment. Allow me to visit your wife—let her but consent to my happiness, and I will free you from the debt; but if she refuses, you know your fate—a prison shall be your lodging to-morrow—If you and she resolve to be miserable I cannot help it, you  
may



may be happy, and you shall ever find me ready to contribute to it."

Inflamed at this degrading proposal, he cried, in a rage, "She nor I will never consent to your insulting proposal; for could your friendship now raise me to the highest station, or your resentment sink me to the grave, yet I would despise both. And, though it is utterly out of my power to discharge the debt immediately, yet my heart will vindicate its honour and dignity. A prison would be a palace to me rather than her disgrace. I have no fears but for my beloved *Clara*; she is the only object that attracts me to earth."

"Retire this moment *Mandeville*, (cried the *Colonel*,) or the consequence may be fatal: you are deceived in your opinion of her virtue: she has already indulged me with every liberty but the last." I endeavoured to restrain my passion at this base accusation for a few minutes in silence, but I thought I should have died at the effort. I would  
have

have left the room, but fears for my *Horatio* riveted me to the floor.

“Go, (said *Horatio*,) you are a poor pitiful wretch, and every way a liar; your meanness secures you from my anger.”—Dreadful was the *Colonel's* answer. I do not know what were the sensations I felt, for they proceeded with too much rapidity for description. But ‘alas! I was too soon awakened from my insensibility to a scene of misery; for, oh my *Louisa*! how shall my trembling pen describe the horrors of my mind, when my much lamented husband was brought in dangerously wounded.

The next day my good and reverend friend Mr. *Brook* called on me, he can tell you what followed; the task is too distressing for his unfortunate widow to attempt. Here let me pause, that a flood of tears may ease my bleeding heart.

Am I not the most unfortunate of widows, dependent on the bounty of my acquaintance, and in the power of a man both honour and resentment teaches me to detest.

Never

Never till now did I know real sorrows. My dear, my ever-lamented mother too is lost to me for ever. When I think of our parting—to leave this beloved parent in resentment, not to bend my knee to the author of my being—

*Tears vainly flow for errors learnt too late,  
When timely caution should prevent our fate.*

You, my dear Miss *Howe*, have a tender and feeling soul, you will weep over the sorrows of humanity, and the errors of your unhappy friend. It grieves me to think I should be absent at the awful moment, when, by a dutiful attention, I might have softened her sorrows, and convinced this dear parent I was more to be pitied than blamed.

I tremble at the thought of poverty and want, after the affluence I enjoyed in the early part of my life; and my former acquaintance perhaps triumphing over me with haughty pride. Oh! had I ever so trifling a sum independent of others, with what pleasure would I bury myself in retirement.



tirement. I will not intrude any longer on the feelings of my beloved friend, than only to add, that no misfortunes or disappointments can lessen the affection or gratitude of,

The unhappy,

CLARA MANDEVILLE.

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#### LETTER XXXIV.

Mr. BATEMAN to Mrs. WILDING.

IT is with pleasure I hear, my dear and lovely niece, that you are now in my favorite isle, the Isle of Man. Most sincerely did I rejoice in your happiness when I received my mother's letter, being then at sea I had no opportunity of congratulating you sooner. The fate of war has prevented me from seeing you for a length of time; but I hear you are much improved in size and beauty; but let that be your least charm. Adorn your mind with virtue, benevolence,  
and

and humility—follow the example of the first and best of women—it points invariably to every female excellence—it leads to immortality. Have a watchful eye over the sprightly *Lydia*, whose vivacity of temper may lead her into errors her heart may have no share in. Cultivate a friendship with the charming *Juliet Dear*, in her conversation you will find both entertainment and improvement. Her image is still twined round my heart, and fain would I hope that I had some share in her's. Should fickle fortune favour my wishes, and the peaceful olive-branch crown my brow, I will then offer her a heart, that the moment I saw her, became eternally a slave to her merit—assure her of my tenderest regard. Should that blest hour arrive, I will hasten to your delightful neighbourhood, and spend the remainder of my days in tranquillity, which she alone can bestow. Say every thing for me to Mr. *Wilding*, who I have heard the most valuable character of from *Captain Parker*. Should the dangers and perils of war prevent

vent me from ever seeing either of you again, that your happiness may be eternal is the ardent prayer of your

Affectionate Uncle

BATEMAN.

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LETTER XXXV.

LORD BELMONT TO EDW. BARRYMORE, ESQ.

A FEW days since I received your obliging letter, dear *Ned*, dated from Switzerland. I am happy to hear you arrived safe. Agreeable to your request, and your charming consort, who, by the bye, I am much more inclined to oblige than you, I called this evening (being engaged in the morning) on Mrs. *Mandeville*, and was told she was not at home; but, requesting the servant to tell her I had agreeable news from her friend Mrs. *Barrymore*, she soon returned, and ushered me into a room, where sat this unfortunate widow at a table, with the writing



apparatus before her, her cheek reclined on her hand, whilst the table supported her arm, the tears swimming in her eyes, and a gentle smile diffused over her countenance. She enquired kindly after you both: then hastily snatching the paper she had been writing on, endeavoured to conceal it.

“ You are exercising your fertile genius, my dear Madam, (said I,) will you not indulge me with a sight of it.” “ I was only (said she, with a sigh) transcribing an Elegy on the royal unfortunate mother, taking leave of her darling son.” Here she paused, and dropped a sympathizing tear. I intreated her to read it to me, which, with great persuasion, I prevailed on her to do. Never did I see sympathy and sorrow so lively painted on a countenance, as was on her’s, when she read the following lines:

### THE ELEGY.

THE sinking sun withdraws his scorching beams,  
The western skies are ting’d with streaks of gold,  
The hind now whistles homeward with his teams,  
And shepherds pen with distant fold.

Now flies the timid bat across the glade,  
The beetle slowly winds his drowsy horn,  
The night-bird hoots from yonder shade,  
The cricket chirps beneath the corn.

Hail hour serene! thy calmness suits my mind,  
Attunes my soul, while too deep impress'd;  
Thy pleasing gloom, by nature seems design'd  
Sorrow to sooth, and lull each eye to rest.

But soft! what aerial form attracts my sight,  
Skims o'er the glade, with looks of wild affright?  
What wailing phantom seeks despair,  
Glares wildly round, and frantic tears her hair.

Oh, my full heart! 'tis Gallia's hopeless queen,  
With voice impatient, and distracted mien;  
Sinking with horror from commission'd slaves,  
She spurns them from her, and thus loudly raves.

"Traitors avaunt! no more shall ye deceive,  
"No more betray, nor wretched I believe.  
"Can you, my murdered Lord, to me restore?—  
"No, may I perish, ere I trust you more."

See on the earth, the last retreat of all,  
Pierc'd with her woes, a queen, a mother falls.  
No broider'd tap'stry on the floor is spread,  
No purple canopy hangs o'er her head.

Those amber tresses, twin'd with so much care,  
Neglected now, are silver'd by despair.

See the poor mourner wildly stares around,  
Talks to the walls, and madly strikes the ground.

Hear her ye flinty hearts, her anguish tell!

"This is my court; here I and misery dwell;

"Supreme in woe, as to glory heretofore,

"This is my throne, let kings bow down before."

See wildly wand'ring in the vacant air,  
The glaring eye with soul distressing stare;  
The quiv'ring lip, short breath, and stretch'd out arm,  
Starting, convulsed, save at each dread alarm.

View now, in frantic form, before her eyes,  
A group of ghastly shades arise;  
And see the last sad scene is acted o'er,  
Now see the gaoler opes the ponderous door.

See him, with sturdy stride, unmov'd, advance,  
And from his mother drag the heir of France.  
View the poor frightened victim round her fling  
His little arms, and to her bosom cling.

"And dost thou think I'll ever freely give

"My child, my all! No, never whilst I live.

"These arms shall shield him, never will we part,

"Here will I clasp him to my bleeding heart.

"Away, away! ye need no more explain,

"Touch him not monsters! lest ye fire my brain.

"Hark! the dread word, the dire command is given,

"Oh, spare him! spare him! mercy! mercy!

Heaven!

"Hast



"Hast thou no bowels? not one darling child,  
"Dear as thy life, who in thy face has smil'd?  
"And dost thou grudge me that, who gave it birth,  
"The veriest wretch that ever crawl'd on earth.

"Of all but this, this little good beguil'd,  
"And canst thou part us? Oh, my child! my child!  
"See! see! they seize him! bear him from my view;  
"Barbarians stop! Oh gods! one last adieu!

"He shrieks—he struggles—Oh restore! restore  
"Him to my arms! I'll never curse you more.  
"Leave, leave my little bird within its cage,  
"To sooth his mother's premature old age.

"Let me but see him, whilst I yet have breath,  
"And I will bless you, tho' convuls'd in death."  
Unmov'd they hear, nor heed her piercing cries,  
Which in wild discord does to heaven arise.

She faints, she falls a prey to bitterest grief,  
Without one friend to cheer or give relief.  
Dragg'd from her sight, the ill-fated child is torn,  
Expos'd to insult, and the rabbles' scorn.

Ye feeling few this tale with sorrow hear,  
And for a mother's anguish shed one pitying tear.

As she was concluding the last lines, my  
dear *Barrymore*, in which an interruption in  
her voice from sorrow, gave a peculiar soft-  
ness

ness to the words: the melancholy that overshadowed her countenance, and the sable hue of her weed, made her appear a most interesting figure. I was extremely shocked when I heard of her widowed state, and the untimely end of Mr. *Mandeville*. How contemptible must the *Colonel* appear in the eyes of every worthy man! He is still I find confined to the house with his wound, but in no danger. I hear he has deserted the poor innocent and deluded *Maria*—Scarce any virtue can withstand a long and pleasing temptation.

I have one happiness to comfort myself with, my dear *Barrymore*, and that is, I never seduced the innocent, nor planted daggers in the breast of a parent. I have been gay and volatile it is true, and had my pleasures, but never at the expence of injured innocence. You will laugh, *Ned*, when I tell you, that since I became the sweet *Lady Angelina's* lover, (a lover in the true sense of the word) my taste is so refined that I have no longer any relish for  
mere

mere sensual gratifications; and have lately began to consider modesty as the greatest charm of female beauty.

Agreeable to Mrs. *Barrymore's* request, I offered my assistance to this unfortunate widow; but, with a faint blush, she, in the most graceful manner, declined it; adding, that she was already under such numberless obligations to her friends, that it became painful to think of them. "Your Lordship will think (continued she) I have a proud heart, but I am sure it is a grateful one, and would not wish to be an incumbrance to my dear benefactress; but I intreat the favour of your Lordship, to assure her of my grateful esteem, and how anxiously I wish her return to England. Heaven, I hope, will protect me through the labyrinth of sorrow I am involved in." Here a flood of tears relieved her agitated heart. Adieu! dear *Ned*, I am softened to a woman's weakness; yet believe me,

Sincerely your's,

BELMONT.



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begin to consider modesty as the greatest  
virtue of female beauty.

Agreeable to Mrs. Langens's request, I  
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most graceful manner, declined my aid, saying  
that she was already under great obligations  
to her friends, that it became  
essential to think of them. "I am, however,"  
will think yourself that I have a friend,  
near, but I am sure it is a grateful one,  
and would not wish to be an inconvenience  
to my dear friends; but I must not  
forget my friendship, to which part of my  
grateful effort, and how anxiously I wish  
her return to England. I have, I hope,  
will protect me through the labyrinth of  
law, I am involved in. There is a hope of  
being relieved by agreed means. I shall  
then, I am indebted to a woman's weak-  
ness, perhaps not

Belmont